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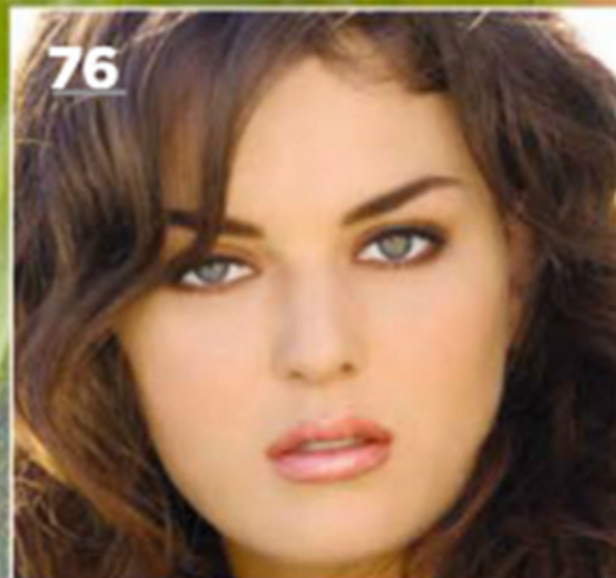
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Memory is a tricky thing. We cram so many billions of sounds and sights and smells into these brains of ours that it's impossible to predict just what we'll remember in the end. I can't tell you the name of my high school biology teacher, or who I was with when the space shuttle *Challenger* blew up, but I can tell you exactly where I was when I heard Prince for the first time. And 20 years later, I still remember *her*.

So, when you're lying on your deathbed—and yes, even you will bite the dust someday—you will no doubt be visited by a lifetime of important memories: episodes of triumph and struggle; moments of deep compassion and spiritual clarity; the time you got air in your mom's Camry and the way your girlfriend's sister pressed herself against you by the kitchen stove.

A life like yours is filled with contradictions, and *Penthouse* has room for them all—soldiers and starlets, solid advice and sneering fun, cold facts and outrageous opinions—plus more than a few of the hottest women on the planet. So, here's the beauty *and* the truth, the sweet and the nasty, because we know that genius lives in that slim margin in between, where the prophet and the scoundrel meet, get drunk, and learn a thing or two before the chairs start flying.

And we'll be right there with you and your contradictions, urging you to get up early and daring you to stay up late, engrossing you with unforgettable stories and distracting you with amazing pictures that we hope you'll remember forever. And so, whether your deathbed is a poolside lounge chair in Palm Springs or a park bench in Brooklyn, you deserve an amazing highlight reel when you go. I hope we're a big part of it. Enjoy. 





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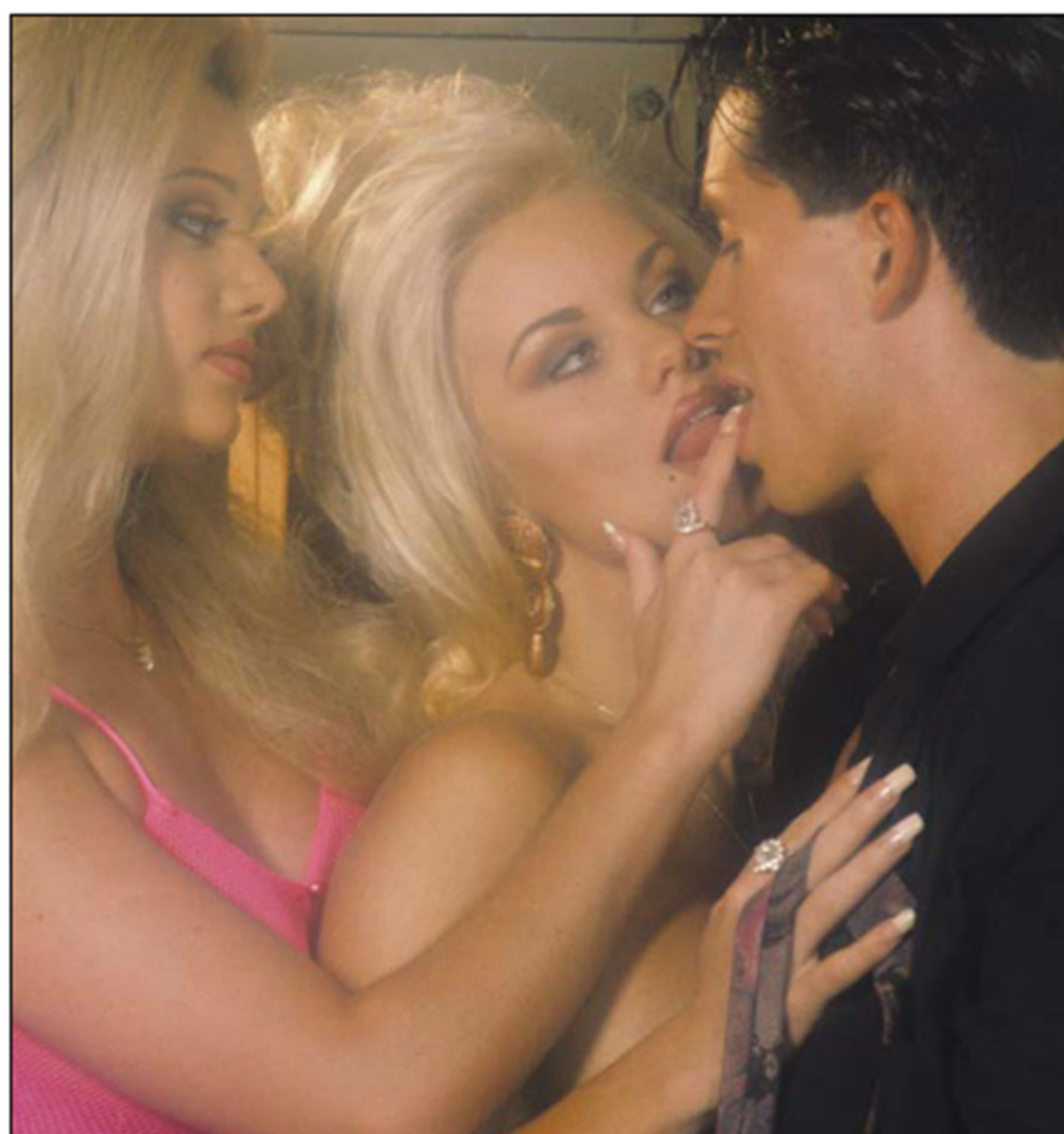
ONE GOOD SHAVE

After spending the better part of a Saturday helping a friend move, I called my wife Melanie to let her know that I was on my way home. She told me that she and her friend Carrie had spent the day drinking mojitos and watching porn, and they were both quite horny. She also said that I should hurry home before they started the party without me. Like Melanie, Carrie is beautiful and has a gorgeous body, so of course I could hardly wait to join them.

When I came through the door, Melanie and Carrie were waiting for me in sheer bras and panties. After Melanie gave me a warm welcome kiss, Carrie walked over and kissed me so deep and hard that I just knew this was going to be the ultimate experience. But before we got too carried away, they steered me to the bathroom for a quick shower alone.

When I finished, I joined them in the living room, where Melanie and Carrie stood before me and removed their bras. I had a great time dividing my attention between Melanie and Carrie—kissing, nibbling, and fondling their beautiful round breasts. Melanie pulled off the towel I had wrapped around my waist and pushed me down on the sofa. Then they made an elaborate show of slowly removing their panties—and with good reason: Before I'd come home, Melanie and Carrie had shaved each other's pussy bald!

When I asked Melanie to show me what else they'd been up to before I arrived, she pressed her lips to Carrie's in a deep, passionate kiss that seemed to go on



“Melanie **pulled off** my towel and **pushed me** down on the sofa. Then **they made** an elaborate show of **removing their panties.**”

forever. Then, dropping to her knees, Melanie held Carrie by the waist and began licking her pussy.

“Oh yes!” Carrie moaned. “That feels wonderful!” She shivered as Melanie continued lapping at her clit.

Melanie told Carrie that she tasted great and she wanted more, but first she wanted to watch Carrie fuck me. Carrie immediately straddled my thighs and lowered her smooth, freshly shaved snatch onto my cock. This was just too good to be true—I was actually getting to fuck my wife's gorgeous friend! Melanie was sitting across from us, vigorously rubbing her clit and finger-fucking herself as she watched Carrie

rock my cock. It was an incredible sight. Suddenly Melanie cried out, shuddering and drenching her own fingers with come. At the same time, I felt Carrie's muscles contract around my cock as she screamed out her orgasm.

Then Carrie moved over to make room for Melanie, who sat on my cock and rode me in reverse. I leaned back, pulling her with me and slamming my cock into her with abandon. Carrie knelt beside us on the sofa and began sucking on Melanie's nipples.

“Harder! Fuck me harder!” Melanie screamed while writhing wildly above me. “Oh, that's it, baby! I'm coming!” she cried. Feeling that second load of hot pussy juice on my cock and balls



sent me over the edge. I came hard, pumping my load deep inside her.

Carrie pulled Melanie down on the floor with her and guided her into a sixty-nine. I grabbed my camera and snapped some incredibly exciting pictures of Melanie and Carrie taking their passion to new heights.

The action became so intense at that point that I had the uncontrollable urge to join them for a three-way fuckfest that lasted well into the night.—F.C., Minnesota

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

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Limited Edition

SPARTA'S LAST STAND

Bloody Hell

» In 480 B.C., 300 pissed-off Spartans took on a quarter-million marauding Persians for three days of brutal hand-to-hand combat. The film *300*, based on Frank Miller's graphic novel, re-creates that lopsided battle in the goriest, most visually arresting brawl since *Braveheart*.
By Barbara Rice Thompson



When **KING LEONIDAS** (Gerard Butler) refuses to consign his people to a life of slavery, he's forced to lead his guards into battle ... and to an honorable death.

When he was young, Frank Miller saw Rudolph Maté's *The 300 Spartans*, and he never got over it: The savage tale of evil triumphing over good in ancient Greece stuck in his burgeoning imagination. "I always planned to tell this tale," the *Dark Knight* and *Sin City* writer/artist says, "but I wanted to wait till I was good enough to do it justice. Finally, I realized that was never going to happen." Don't believe him. When his graphic novel *300* was released in 1999, it won three Eisner Awards and two Harvey Awards, and helped to reinvigorate the comic-book business.

Now, Miller's epic tale of the king's 300 bodyguards taking on the entire Persian army comes to life in an adaptation from director Zack Snyder (*Dawn of the Dead*) that perfectly captures the outsize images and surreal tone of the graphic novel. But that didn't stop

Snyder from taking full advantage of twenty-first-century technology. The injuries are graphic—with body parts flying and spurts of blood arcing toward the screen in beautifully artistic slow-motion—and the action is gory enough for a splatter flick. But the carnage never overwhelms the story, so you never forget that this small band of warriors is fighting the good fight and proving that sometimes you have to lose the battle in order to win the war.

Simply put, the story and the effects are killer, the Spartans go down swinging, and the movie is visually outstanding enough that it's definitely worth catching on the big screen—just not on a date, or a full stomach.



QUEEN GORGO, played by Lena Headey, stands by her man: When King Leonidas is urged to think of the women and surrender after the first day of fighting, he claims Sparta's weaker sex could outfight the Persian men he's faced. Judging the women by their queen, he's right.



"BRING OUT YOUR DEAD": If you think this huge pile of corpses looks gross, just wait till you see the Spartans use it to crush their enemies—literally.



THE ADVANCING PERSIAN ARMY (left) has to call upon **UBER IMMORTAL** (above; Robert Maillet) and his brethren to defeat the Spartan force that defends the pass at Thermopylae. Their victory will be in vain, however, when the Spartan army joins the armies of other Greek nation-states to kick the Persians to the curb.

REVIEWS

The Many Moods of March





 Keep the award-season momentum going with stellar new dramas, or take a break from the serious stuff with wacked-out humor or a dark comic-book fantasy.



Letters From Iwo Jima

Ken Watanabe, Kazunari Ninomiya

Director: Clint Eastwood **Cool Rating:** 9.4 

This is the flip side of Eastwood's *Flags of Our Fathers*. Here, he shows the Battle of Iwo Jima from the Japanese perspective, and his depiction of what that loss felt like is remarkable. The sense of dread hanging over us as we watch is inescapable, since we're well aware of how badly it's going to end for the Japanese soldiers we're getting to know. Eastwood clearly sympathizes

with these proud people who are beaten beyond a prayer. *Letters* is far better than *Flags*, and that excellence carries over and somehow actually makes *Flags* a better movie. Lastly, Watanabe's turn as General Tadamichi Kuribayashi is one of the best performances Eastwood has ever directed, and that includes the Oscar-winning overacting of Sean Penn in *Mystic River*.

Black Snake Moan

Christina Ricci, Samuel L. Jackson

Director: Craig Brewer **Cool Rating:** 9.9

This time, the *Hustle & Flow* director explores a different side of Memphis in a Southern gothic tale about a nymphomaniac. After a particularly rough encounter, the sex addict (Ricci, who's blonde and luminous here) ends up on the doorstep of a Bible-thumping, banjo-strumming bluesman (Jackson), who plans to wean the child off her wanton ways by chaining her to his bed. Brewer's deft direction of *Hustle* was a clarion call that a new director had arrived. This film proves that the fanfare was well-deserved. He even makes good use of Justin Timberlake as Ricci's true love, a Guardsman who's headed to Iraq.



Ghost Rider

Nicolas Cage, Eva Mendes, Wes Bentley

Director: Mark Steven Johnson **Cool Rating:** 8.3

Johnson brings out a quirky, Lon Chaney Jr.-esque performance from Cage as Ghost Rider; he's really got that haunted, conflicted thing going. Peter Fonda (as the villain Mephisto) and Sam Elliott (as the Caretaker) are clearly having a blast. The only actor I didn't like was Mendes. I know, she's lust-worthy, but her performance as the love of Cage's life comes off as artificial. What really shines is the amazing rendering of the Ghost Rider himself. The music, the rumble of that bike, and the flames dancing in the wind bring an unearthly coolness to the film. It isn't great, but it's good enough.



The Number 23

Jim Carrey, Virginia Madsen

Director: Joel Schumacher **Cool Rating:** 7.4

Schumacher has directed cinematic travesties—*Batman & Robin*, *The Phantom of the Opera*—and a few treasures—*The Lost Boys*, *Falling Down*, *Tigerland*. This one falls in the middle. It's a simple premise (and yes, it sounds a lot like *Stranger Than Fiction*): Carrey plays a regular guy whose wife (Madsen) gives him a book that, as he reads it, slowly and surely begins to drive him mad. It seems to be based on his life, and it ends with a murder that has yet to happen. Plus, it all has to do with the cosmic number 23. Carrey is serviceable, and while the whole thing is a trifle silly, it's still a damn good mystery thriller.



Reno 911!: Miami

Thomas Lennon, Kerri Kenney, Ben Garant

Director: Ben Garant **Cool Rating:** 6.2

The premise: The Reno team is at a cop convention in Miami when a bioterrorist traps every competent police officer in the venue. That leaves Lieutenant Jim Dangle (Lennon) and his team to save the day. There are a lot of inside jokes about the characters and a reunion (of sorts) of MTV's *The State*, but the best performances come from the pinch hitters. Paul Rudd takes a campy sketch of Tony Montana and makes it work, while the Rock mocks his action-hero persona in a too-brief bit. The film is a missed opportunity in a lot of ways, but at least it's not another Larry the Cable Guy flick.—Jonathan Stern



FOUR QUESTIONS FOR DAVID FINCHER

A Killer Returns

>> DAVID FINCHER has been a major player in Hollywood since 1995's *Se7en*. His new film, *ZODIAC*, depicts the hunt for one of the most notorious serial killers of our time.
 By Harry Knowles

What attracted you to *Zodiac*?

It is a uniquely San Francisco story. I grew up in the Bay Area when *Zodiac* was calling in on the [KGO] Jim Dunbar morning show. I remember that. I remember our buses being followed to school by the Highway Patrol.

Are you becoming one of those Bay Area "artists in residence," like George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola?

In the late sixties and early seventies, there was film production throughout the Bay Area, you know, meaningful outsider/mainstream/auteur filmmaking. When I was a kid, they were shooting *American Graffiti* on Fourth Street; my second-grade class was showing up with shaved heads for *THX 1138*; they cut off a street so they could shoot *The Godfather*. A lot of my friends were extras in Philip Kaufman's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. It was a great

time. There was really interesting stuff happening. I think now Hollywood comes there to shoot picturesque romantic comedies.


What's it like to work with studios during the development process?

Getting studios to spend \$350,000 on a screenplay—or, God forbid, \$1.2 million on a writer good enough to give me a good night's sleep—pales in comparison to the neurosis of the part of the process when you've wrapped shooting. You have ten weeks to put together your director's cut and then you show it to them and they go, "You know what, we can't decide. Let's recruit a screening." And that process is pathetic. *Pathetic*. There was a famous screening of a rough cut of *Dragonslayer* for 500 people from a local Dungeons & Dragons group. The audience tore the fabric off the seats, they charged the screen, they carried [director] Matt

[Robbins] out on their shoulders. It was the screening to end all screenings. And then it opened at, like, \$3.5 million.

I'm looking for excuses to retire.... It is really hard to do this. It's extremely taxing. Ultimately you get to this point when it's not very rewarding. I mean, shooting is bad enough, but when you get into the testing and preparing movies for release while prepping and shooting another movie on top of it ... it's like bad icing on bad cake.

Do you ever enjoy the end product of your films?

Sometimes you enjoy the effect your film has on somebody. I enjoyed going to the Venice Film Festival and sitting on the steps outside the *Fight Club* screening and watching all these people coming out shaking their heads, talking about how awful it was. Even in Italian, I could tell they were disappointed. But sometimes I get a kick out of that. 

THE MAN BEHIND THE MOVIE



Drawing Conclusions

Cartoonist **ROBERT GRAYSMITH** spent a decade investigating California's horrifying **Zodiac** murders. Now, director David Fincher has used that research to resurrect the first media-savvy serial killer. By Daniel Nemet-Nejat

In the late 1960s, California's Bay Area was terrorized by a serial killer who wore a black executioner's hood and wielded a 12-inch knife and a military pistol. Modeling himself after Jack the Ripper, the killer phoned in his murders to the police and sent letters, cryptograms, and a bloodstained piece of a victim's shirt to local newspapers.

He also nicknamed himself the "Zodiac Killer," teased the papers about future crimes, taunted the police—once writing, "Me-37, SFPD-0"—and claimed the lives of at least 13. "He marketed himself very well," says Robert Graysmith, who was the *San Francisco Chronicle's* political cartoonist at the time. The case captured the national imagination, and was the inspiration for the Scorpio Killer in *Dirty Harry*.

As the Zodiac Killer continued to elude police, Graysmith became intrigued by what he calls "the most cerebral murder case of all time." He decided to investigate the crimes himself, serving as a "conduit" of information among different police stations and developing an obsession with Zodiac. The case has become one of America's most famous unsolved murder mysteries, and it eventually broke the men most caught up in it: Lead investigator Dave Toschi (Mark Ruffalo) suffered from a bleeding ulcer, and Paul

Avery (Robert Downey Jr.), a *Chronicle* reporter whom Zodiac threatened in his letters, started carrying a gun and turned to cocaine. After cutting a swath through the Bay Area for years, Zodiac sent a final letter to the newspaper in 1978. He wrote, "I am waiting for a good movie about me."

Now the wait is over. *Zodiac*, an \$80 million production, boasts an A-list cast—including Jake Gyllenhaal as Graysmith—and a high-profile director. James

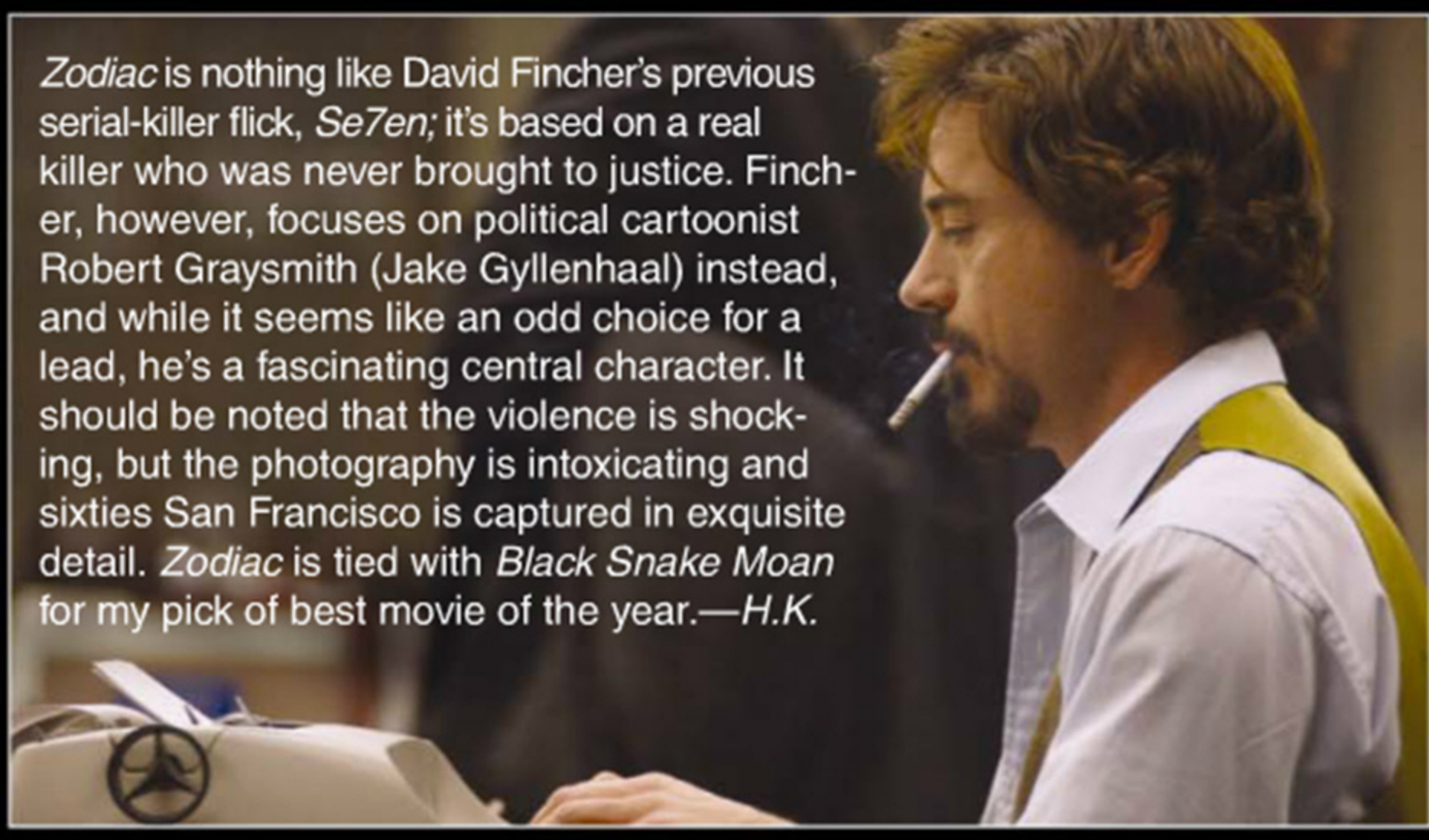
Vanderbilt wrote the script and based it on Graysmith's books: *Zodiac*, which detailed his ten-year involvement with the case, and *Zodiac Unmasked*, in which Graysmith named the man whom he and many investigators believe to be the killer. The creators, hoping to achieve the documentary-level realism of *All the President's Men*, were fastidious about every period detail. They re-created the *Chronicle* newspaper offices right down to the lightbulbs and notepads. They also hired witnesses, survivors, cops, and reporters as consultants, including Graysmith and Toschi.

Fincher reenacted the murders, often using one of the producers as his dummy to make sure every detail, every spatter of blood, was right. He even tracked down an ambulance driver to confirm specifics about one of the murders. "He did everything a first-rate detective does," says Graysmith, who compiled countless photos and 70 microcassette tapes for *Shooting Zodiac*, his upcoming book about the film's development. Fincher's obsessive nature paid dividends, according to Graysmith, who found the director's re-creation of Zodiac's double murder in Vallejo to be so realistic that it was "excruciating" to watch it being filmed.

Audiences should brace themselves for a serial-killer movie with the potential to make *The Silence of the Lambs* look like *The Care Bears*. **O+**

ZODIAC: THE REVIEW

Zodiac is nothing like David Fincher's previous serial-killer flick, *Se7en*; it's based on a real killer who was never brought to justice. Fincher, however, focuses on political cartoonist Robert Graysmith (Jake Gyllenhaal) instead, and while it seems like an odd choice for a lead, he's a fascinating central character. It should be noted that the violence is shocking, but the photography is intoxicating and sixties San Francisco is captured in exquisite detail. *Zodiac* is tied with *Black Snake Moan* for my pick of best movie of the year.—H.K.



OUR OWN DAMN MOVIE AWARDS

The Dirty Dozen

While every critics' group rewards the "important" movies and performances, we know what's really worthwhile. Here are our picks for the best and worst movie moments of '06. Introducing the first annual **PENTHOUSE DOUBLE D'S**.

Best Sex Scene

UNDERWORLD: EVOLUTION

Fans of the first film were disappointed by the sequel's general suckiness, and the evolution details made no sense, but we've been waiting three years to see Kate Beckinsale slink out of that body-hugging leather. We finally got our wish.

Best Nude Scene

SALMA HAYEK IN ASK THE DUST

Colin Farrell may have tried his best to be a gentleman and block our view of Salma Hayek's luscious bod, but we'll take our naked Salma any way we can get it. (Hell, we were happy to see her in a bra on *Ugly Betty*.)

Best Cleavage

(THREE-WAY TIE) SCARLETT JOHANSSON IN THE PRESTIGE, THE LADIES OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, THE BEERFEST GIRLS

We'd like to pit Scarlett against the ladies of *Marie Antoinette*—including Asia Argento and Kirsten Dunst—but we can't leave out the fräuleins and Swedish maidens of *Beerfest*. We're equal-opportunity ogglers around here. Now if we could only get them all together to settle this properly. We're thinking mud wrestling....

Best Striptease

LINDA CARDELLINI IN GRANDMA'S BOY

Freaks and Geeks' Lindsay has turned into quite the hottie. We're glad we got to watch as she got her freak on in this stupidly hilarious lowbrow comedy.

Best Trophy Wife

LESLIE BIBB IN TALLADEGA NIGHTS

Her 200-mile-an-hour trade-in of Will Ferrell for Sacha Baron Cohen gave us comedy whiplash, and she's smokin' hot—just what we were looking for in a shallow bitch of a screen queen.



Worst Sex Scene

JACK NICHOLSON'S THREESOME IN THE DEPARTED

Note to Hollywood: We don't need to see Jack naked again—ever. Thank God the girls were hot.

Worst Nude Scene

BORAT

We thought we never wanted to see naked men wrestling, but we couldn't stop watching. Plus, the elevator bit hit new comedic heights.

Worst Blowjob

SNAKES ON A PLANE

If you watched that snake hanging off a guy's dick without instinctively covering your crotch, you've got bigger balls than we do.

Gratuitous Off-Screen Nudity

(TIE) LINDSAY LOHAN AND BRITNEY SPEARS

Ladies, when even we're tired of seeing your naughty bits on the Internet, you've redefined overexposure. And screw you for making us question our fondness for our favorite body part. Get yourselves some panties.

Biggest Flesh Pile

SHORTBUS

This artsy film—which we heard is about loneliness and the illusion of self-sufficiency, but seemed to us like it was all about fucking and sucking—included a gay threesome with a guy singing the National Anthem. Seriously.

Misleading Title of the Year

YOU, ME AND DUPREE

Which genius signed off on using this title for a movie without a single threesome? Talk about a bait and switch.

Biggest Waste of Time

MIAMI VICE

We should have just stayed home and watched Jamie Foxx's and Colin Farrell's real-life sexcapades instead.



Our Fab Five

A new generation of female stars is scorching screens across the country. These were our favorite breakout stars of 2006.—Jonathan Stern

1. EVA GREEN

We haven't craved a Bond girl like this since Ursula Andress washed up in Sean Connery's lap. The Swedish-Algerian hybrid's turn as Vesper Lynd in *Casino Royale* brought smarts and sophistication to an eye-candy role. Of course, we still haven't gotten over her hours-long nude scene otherwise known as Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Dreamers*.

UP NEXT: Her next project, the children's tale *His Dark Materials: The Golden Compass*, is not likely to feature a nude scene. We're okay with that as long as we have our *Dreamers* DVD.

2. ABBIE CORNISH

This 24-year-old actress did smack with Heath Ledger in *Candy*, thrilling audiences with her full-frontal nudity, while rumors of a home-wrecking affair with Ryan Phillippe (aka Mr. Reese Witherspoon) made headlines. Her biggest challenge will be acting with Aussie icons Cate Blanchett and Geoffrey Rush in the *Elizabeth* sequel *The Golden Age*.

UP NEXT: A new film from *Boys Don't Cry* director Kimberly Peirce about an Iraq war veteran (Phillippe) who refuses to be redeployed.



3. EMILY BLUNT

Blunt is last year's breakout bitch. As Meryl Streep's catty assistant in *The Devil Wears Prada*, the Londoner caught our eye while laying into Anne Hathaway—and got herself a Golden Globe nomination, too. Speaking of laying into hot women, check out her 2004 turn in the dark, sapphic love story *My Summer of Love*.

UP NEXT: A movie no man wants to see, *The Jane Austen Book Club*, and *Sunshine Cleaning*, with Amy Adams, about two sisters who start a crime-scene cleaning service.

4. PAULA PATTON

Not only does she get to hang with *Growing Pains*' Alan Thicke (she married his singer son Robin), but Patton has added a little more acting prowess to the Thicke family with roles in the OutKast movie, *Idlewild*, and last November's Denzel Washington thriller, *Déjà Vu*.

UP NEXT: At press time, Patton doesn't have any upcoming projects. Note to Hollywood: Give this girl a job!

5. DANIELLA ALONSO

We're cheating a bit here, since we expect this year to be Alonso's big breakthrough. After playing a lesbian on the teen drama *One Tree Hill*, the former model has three horror films in the works, including Snoop Dogg's *Hood of Horror*.

UP NEXT: First, she'll go to the creepy California hills where the freaks roam in *The Hills Have Eyes II*. Then she'll get maniacal with Henry Rollins in *Wrong Turn 2*.



ACUTE ISLAND FEVER

Lost's Ilin', Villain

» TV's favorite desert island has angry polar bears, a murderous smoke monster, and a crazy French woman, but **MICHAEL EMERSON's** mild-mannered manipulator is the scariest thing around.

Michael Emerson should be unemployed right now. When his *Lost* character, Henry Gale, was found hanging up a tree in a bear trap last season, it was clear that the odds (and the writers) were against him. His story didn't add up, and then he was taken hostage by a gun-toting former Iraqi soldier and a crossbow-wielding survivalist. He was slated to die a few episodes later. Instead, Henry—who, if we can believe anything he says, is actually named Benjamin Linus—has turned out to be more terrifying than anything else on the island.

Even Emerson hasn't figured out what makes his character so spooky. "Maybe it's that he seems to have an agenda but no one knows what it is," the actor speculates. "Because the evidence of him being a wicked guy is sort of slim. He's the one who always seems to be beaten, shot with arrows, tied up."

He's also the one who tried to strangle L.A. cop Ana-Lucia, beat the crap out of con man Sawyer, pitted de facto leaders Jack and Locke against each other in a carefully calculated mind game, and turned out to be—maybe—the leader of the villainous Others.

In the spring premiere, he's also the one bleeding to death while spinal




surgeon Jack holds his survival for ransom. "Lost is a show about people coming and going," Emerson says. "It's probably not too good to get settled here." A few cast members have purchased homes near the Oahu set; Emerson is still renting.

Maybe that's because he's learned how unreliable his profession can be. After graduating from Drake University in 1976, he joined the ranks of struggling actors in New York City, eventually taking a job as a magazine illustrator. He tried again in Florida in 1986, doing community theater for seven years. Then he gave Hollywood another try. "I was searching for the next thing to do," he tells us. "There was nowhere to go but up." And up he went, with a few small film roles here, a TV movie there. In 2000, he nabbed a recurring spot as a serial killer on *The Practice* and walked away with an Emmy.

"I've ended up on the dark end of the spectrum," Emerson says. But "even the worst people take pride in their work. And it makes a nice dilemma for the audience if they get caught up with you, if they become accomplices in a way."

That doesn't mean he has any idea what the hell is going on with the show. "I always thought the Others were a band of freedom fighters who broke away from some abusive governmental agency or something," he says. "But they seem to be sort of commandos now. When Henry Gale said, 'We're the good guys,' I think he meant that. But I don't know if that's going to play out. The writers trick me, too. They get me thinking of myself in a glorified and heroic way, and then they have me do something terrible."

If the fall episodes were any indication, Ben will continue to do terrible things—assuming he survives his spinal surgery. But like any realistic *Lost*-away, Emerson's given his grand exit some thought. "I think if and when [Ben] goes, his eyes are still open." 

DARK STAR

Every once in a while in TV-land, the villain strolls into the limelight and becomes a star. Here are some of our all-time favorite scene-stealing baddies.

Sylar, *Heroes* (played by Zachary Quinto)

This watchmaker (below, left) opens heroes' heads with a fingertip, then steals their brains to acquire their powers. Oh, and at least once, he stuck a dead body to a wall with forks. He's so super-creepy that we're afraid to have our Timex repaired.

Number Six, *Battlestar Galactica* (Tricia Helfer)

The cloned Cylon (below, right) has had numerous guises, with two consistencies: She can't be trusted, and she's hot as hell. We'll forgive her transgressions as long as she keeps feeding our twin fantasies.

Charles Logan, *24* (Gregory Itzin)

He's not the most impressive villain we've seen on *24*, but it was a bold move to make the leader of the free world evil. We're kinda hoping he turns up again, if Mr. Bauer gets off that slow boat to China in one piece.

Alex Krycek, *The X-Files* (Nicholas Lea)

The onetime Man in Black/KGB operative had too many affiliations to list, and the only thing you could count on was that you couldn't count on him—except to make an episode worth your time. He also racked up the show's highest body count.



REVIEWS



Bond Reborn



Casino Royale

Go along for the ride as a newly minted Double-0 takes his first impetuous steps toward becoming the legendary James Bond. Daniel Craig's chilly performance shamed his detractors, but that's not all: The action sequences are top-notch, the girls are hotter than hell, and we loved the inside-joke nods to the Bond we know and love. The DVD includes features on the stunts, Bond's leading ladies, the Venice building-collapse sequence, training for the poker game ...

Bonus points: ●●●●●

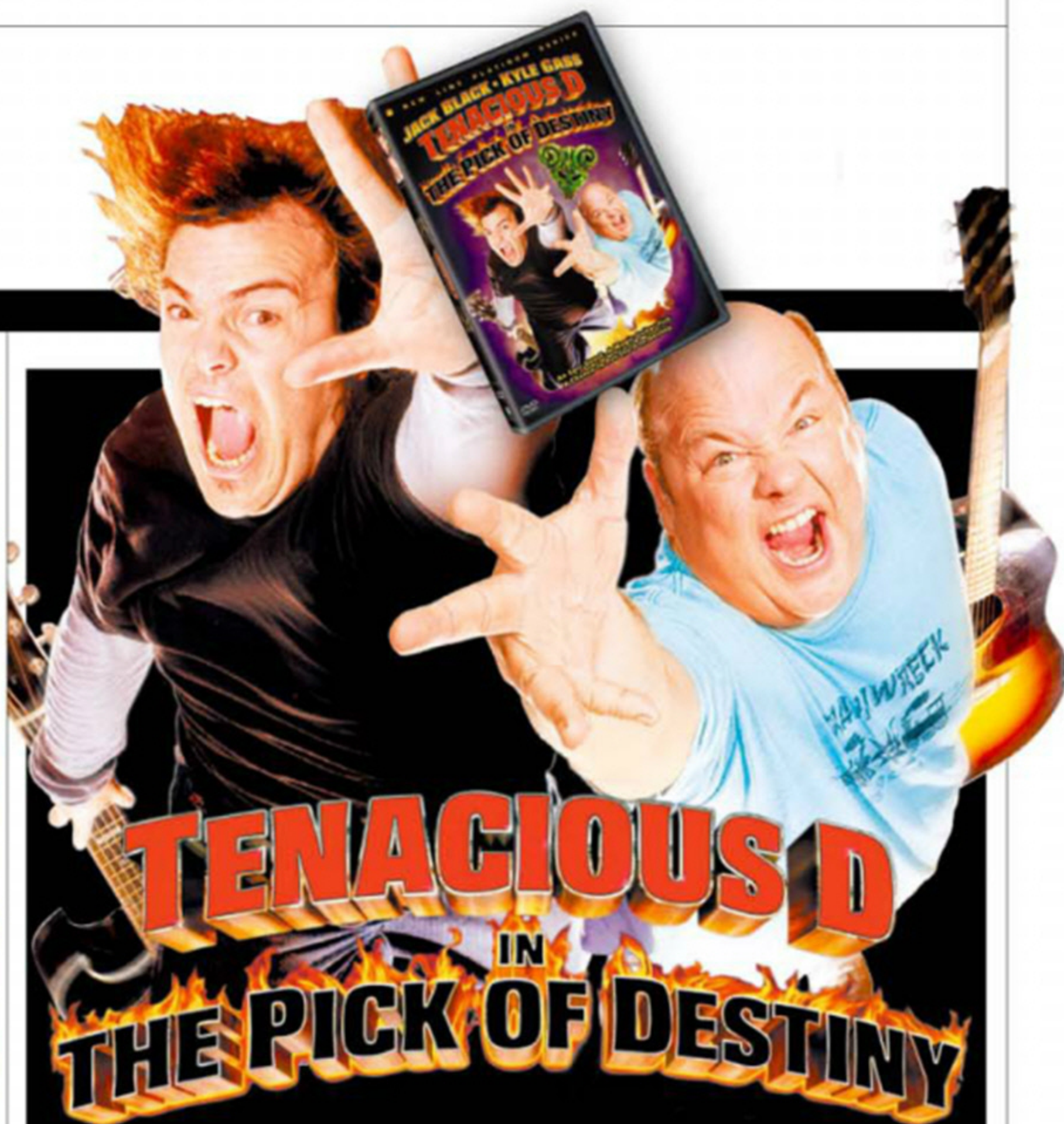




THE DEPARTED

If there's any justice in the movie world, this is the film that will force the Academy to end director Martin Scorsese's Oscar drought. This gnarly mob story has intrigue and plot twists to spare, and the stars—Matt Damon, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Jack Nicholson—prove they're at the top of their game. Memorable supporting turns from Mark Wahlberg, Alec Baldwin, and others complement that stellar acting. The Special Edition includes nine additional scenes and a featurette on Boston's Irish mob.

Bonus points: ●●●●



Jack Black and Kyle Gass have taken "the greatest band of all time" on the road before, but Tenacious D has never experienced the kind of success that Black has at the movies. With *Pick of Destiny*, D gave fans a break from Oscar fare, and it's perfectly stupid, making it ideal for a weekend when you're nursing a hangover and itching for some Ronnie James Dio. Bonus features include commentary by the stars and director Liam Lynch, deleted scenes, a making-of doc, an in-the-studio featurette, a music video, and a jump-to-a-song jukebox mode.

Bonus points: ●●●●



American Hardcore

If you think punk rock began with Green Day, check out the rise and fall of the eighties West Coast

punk scene via interviews with members of the Circle Jerks, Black Flag, the Dead Kennedys, Suicidal Tendencies, and other seminal acts of the time. The disc is lacking when it comes to bonus features, but the archival footage used by director Paul Rachman (*Four Dogs Playing Poker*) makes up for it. The disc proves once and for all that the eighties were about more than *Flashdance* and new-wave hair bands like A Flock of Seagulls.

Bonus points: ●●●

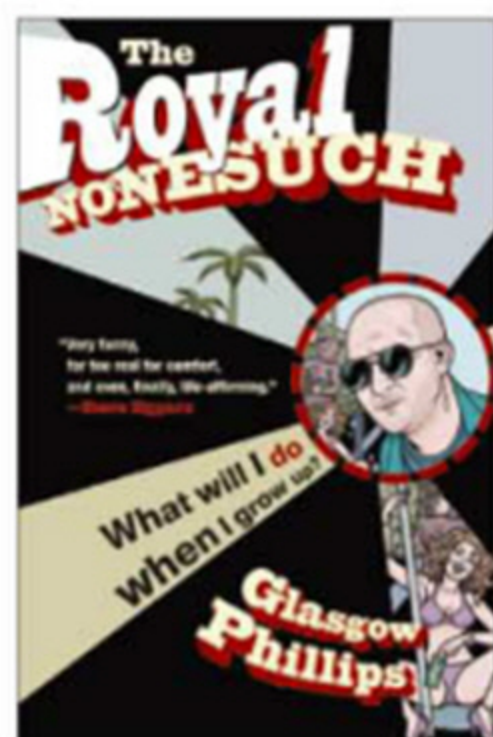
Borat

The mockumentary that launched at least a half dozen lawsuits, a full-fledged international damage-control campaign, and Sacha Baron Cohen himself is now out on DVD. Bonus features include deleted scenes, four extended scenes, and publicity-tour highlights of Cohen giving interviews in character. What we want to know is, where's our extra serving of Pam Anderson?

Bonus points: ●●●



Q&A



ManOnPause

Glasgow Phillips burned through careers in publishing, porn, new media, and video, all while he was in his twenties. His new book, *The Royal Nonesuch* (Grove Press), which chronicles his journey through underground Hollywood, has been called a “coming-of-age memoir”—despite the fact that Phillips never really seems to grow up. By J. Rentilly

Why is it so damn hard to be a man?

There used to be a set tract of what you had to do to be an adult: get married, have kids, buy a house, have a job, retire. But that prescription for being a man has disappeared. I mean, look at the way most of us dress. We dress like we're still in the seventh grade [laughs]. I wouldn't have it any other way.

But that freedom can lead to trouble. Your friend James Frey, for instance, destroyed his career when he fabricated portions of his memoir.

Everybody acted like he had committed this horrible crime, and I think at worst, he pulled a pretty sweet little scam. I have a hard time thinking he deserved that level of hate. He got totally fucked. He wasn't doing reportage. He was telling stories about his life.

To save you from that

cruel fate, here's your chance to come clean: What part of your memoir is total bullshit?

The only thing that's total bullshit is the part where a friend prank-called me at my naming company and asked me to name his stool. I did get a lot of calls from my friends asking me to name weird shit for them, but never that specific phone call. If that causes anybody



all the boring crap.

Tell us about your upcoming film, *Wanted: Undead or Alive*.

The idea hit me: a zombie western. I wrote it just to sell it, or maybe to make it with some friends and some horses in my backyard. But I ended up being able to make a real movie, and I kind of can't believe it.

If the book and movie both flop, what will you do

“Doing porn is kind of like the regular stuff you do at home, but before **I'd do it again**, I'd go out and buy myself a **big, awesome cock**.”

some sort of emotional duress, then right on.

What did you learn from doing porn?

What *did* I learn? Before I'd do it again, I'd go out and buy myself a big, awesome cock. That would be the first step. Other than that, doing

porn is kind of like the regular stuff you do at home, but you have to, uh, give the camera your good stuff.

Your book is pretty wild. Are there any good stories you didn't include?

I didn't put any of the good stuff in the book. The book is

when you grow up?

Being a grown-up, I've realized, is an ongoing questioning of circumstances; I don't think it's something I'll ever really arrive at. I have no idea what I'll do, but I hope it's a good time.

the
average
american
male
a novel
chad
kultgen

FROM AN APPALLING BOOK WE COULDN'T PUT DOWN

“I'm fucking horny and I want to fuck you right now,” I whisper, knowing ... that whispering “fuck” in Casey's ear makes her feel naughty enough to let me do anything I want to her. She unzips my pants as I sit down on her couch. She jerks me off a little before I push on her head and she gets the hint to stop fucking around and suck my cock. While she does, I look over at Marie Osmond's smiling face on the cover of Casey's new book. I pretend Casey's mouth is Osmond's cunt and I try to hear Casey slurping as Osmond sobbing. Aside from Casey spitting my semen all over my stomach ... it ends up ranking in my top five blowjobs of all time.”—From *Chad Kultgen's The Average American Male* (published this month by Harper Perennial)



THE "BLACK GODFATHER" CONFESSES

MR. UNTOUCHABLE

He was the original gangsta, a notorious B.I.G. who ruled New York City's brutal underworld in the 1970s. The *New York Times* called Leroy "Nicky" Barnes "Mr. Untouchable" because for years his \$100 million international drug empire seemed beyond the reach of law enforcement.

It didn't remain there, of course, and Barnes was finally cornered and sentenced to life in prison. He cut a deal with the feds, indicting many of his former confederates, which reduced his sentence to 35 years. And for decades, Nicky Barnes was buried behind prison walls.

While he was there, Barnes's legend grew on the streets of Harlem and beyond; his name still resonates with gang-bangers and hip-hoppers: Shyne raps, "Blame Nicky Barnes for hittin' my moms"; Cam'ron's "Killa Cam" recalls, "I'm from where Nicky Barnes got rich as fuck." Sean "Diddy" Combs's character in 2005's *Carlito's Way: Rise to Power*, "Hollywood Nicky," was clearly inspired by Barnes.

Finally, in 1998, Barnes walked out of prison and disappeared into the Federal Witness Protection Program—his long-delayed reward for ratting out his crew almost 30 years earlier. *Mr. Untouchable*, his autobiography, written with Tom Folsom and published this

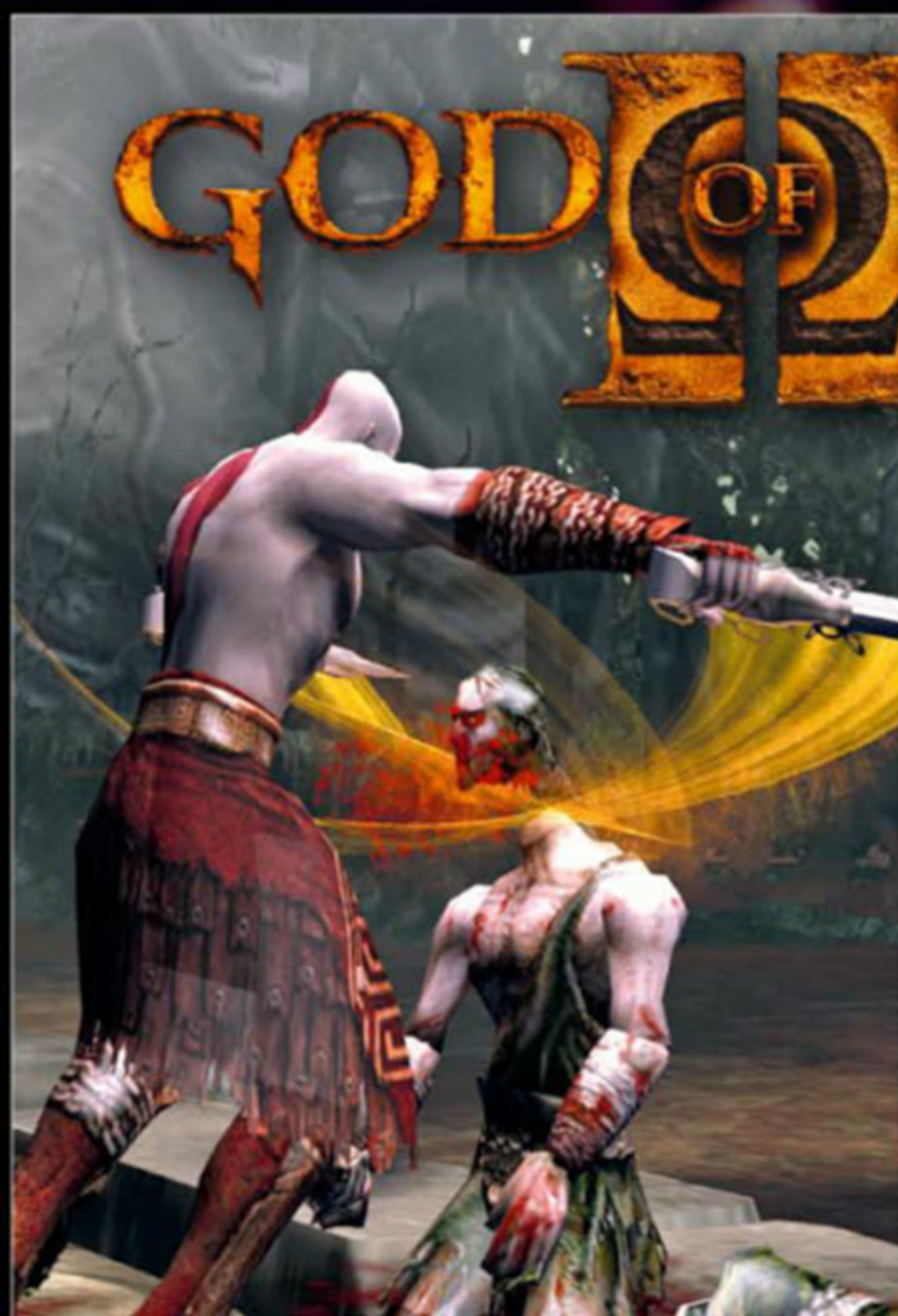
month by Rugged Land, is essential reading for anyone who enjoys gritty street dramas and can put up with some self-mythology.

Barnes's criminal-mastermind days are long gone, but he is still, by his own admission, dangerous and manipulative. His author's note points out that since there's no statute of limitations on murder, "If it's an unsolved murder, I'm not going to solve it! That ain't happening, man. And I have omitted a few details to prevent anyone else from getting killed."

Barnes clearly wants his legacy to be more than that of a thug and a killer. As he reflects on "the fractures in so many African-American families," one might almost think he is a sociologist, except that he is talking about the lack of loyalty in his own crime "Council" as compared with his romantic view of "all those family ties among" the Italian Cosa Nostra. But in the end, it's the violence that defines him as he boasts of successfully taking on his Mafia competitors. "The whole fuckin' city sensed my power," he brags. "If it takes crime to do it, so be it. Our time has come."


"We may not look upon him again," wrote the great *New York Post* columnist Murray Kempton as Barnes, his suede coat with a sable collar draped over his shoulders, was handcuffed and escorted to prison. "And it will be a long time before we look upon his like."—Peter Bloch

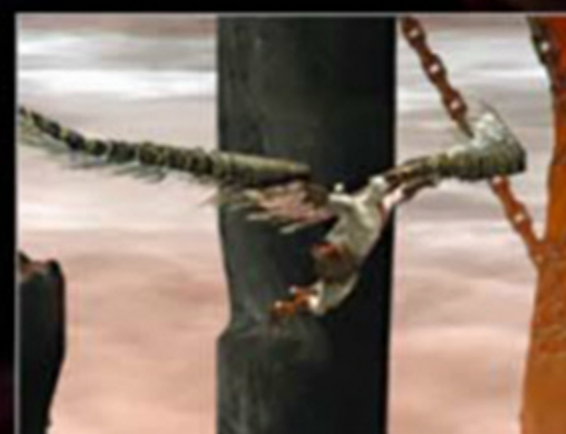
GAME OF THE MONTH



God of War II: Divine Retribution ★★★★★

(PS2) Sony


 Thankfully, the developers of *God of War* knew not to tinker with greatness when they designed this follow-up to the popular action-adventure title. The controls have become even more intuitive, so manipulating Kratos on-screen is still a cinch, but this time you'll have to learn how to fly with grace: The God of War can now reach new areas and engage in aerial combat atop Pegasus or by strapping on Icarus's wings. The action is just as exciting as it was in the original, and during his journey to meet the Sisters of Fate, this antihero must slay the three-headed dog Cerberus, battle Medusa, and pluck out the eye of Cyclops.



How to Avoid a **CINEMATIC DISASTER**

With Oscar season upon us and a live-action *God of War* movie in the works, it's the perfect time to see what works and what doesn't when games go to the big screen.

1. It's the game, stupid!

Fanboys will hate your cinematic "masterpiece" if the crux of its plot isn't tied closely to the game. They pooh-poohed *BloodRayne* because director Uwe Boll basically ignored the game's Nazi-killing premise, but accepted *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* because the plot followed the voluptuous Croft as she tracked down relics and solved puzzles—which is the meat of all *Tomb Raider*

titles. The fact that she was portrayed by one of the hottest women on the planet (for the terminally unaware, that's Angelina Jolie) didn't hurt.

2. It's still the game, stupid!

The original *Resident Evil* movie screwed up the game's history, but the biggest problem was its lack of action. Sure, fans wanted suspense, but they really just wanted to see zombie

body parts splatter across the screen. The sequel failed to frighten, but it gave fans the gore they craved. *Final Fantasy* aficionados had the opposite problem; although the graphics for the first *F.F.* movie, *The Spirits Within*, were stunning, the dialogue was beyond clunky. But fans practically creamed themselves over *Advent Children*, the film that caught up with the lives of the characters in the aftermath of *F.F. VII*.

3. Spend wisely.

Though some ghastly game-based films featured seasoned pros (Bob Hoskins and John Leguizamo in *Super Mario Bros.*, etc.) and some fan favorites were made mostly with newcomers (*Mortal Kombat*), spending on talent is generally key. But that doesn't mean it's okay for the director to cheap out. A film's effects shouldn't look better on a computer monitor than they do on-screen.

Check out the new *Ghost Rider* game, coming out this month in conjunction with the Nicolas Cage film. The game's story was penned by comics writers Garth Ennis and James Palmiotti.



PREVIEWS

**Tom Clancy Ghost Recon Advanced Warfighter 2**

(Xbox 360, PS3, PC) Ubisoft

You have 72 hours to stop the enemy near the U.S.-Mexico border. You can fight your way through mountains, deserts, and the streets of El Paso, Texas, as either a medic or any of the soldier classes available in the last title, but you have more artillery at your disposal than you did in *Ghost Recon Advanced Warfighter*. Call in jet fighters for air strikes or rearm your compatriots on the field with an unmanned artillery vehicle.

**Made Man**

(PS2) Aspyr

Mafia titles are becoming a yawn, since most (*Godfather*, *Scarface*, *The Sopranos*) are adaptations of films or TV shows, but this one has real cred. Yes, you follow a power-hungry guy as he fights his way up the ranks, but the story was developed by David Fisher—the only reporter to gain full access to the FBI's crime lab, with help from Bill Bonnano, the former head of that other New York family.

**S.T.A.L.K.E.R.: Shadow of Chernobyl**

(PC) THQ

In this suspenseful hybrid of a first-person shooter and a role-playing game, you trek through the rubble of a second Chernobyl meltdown, trying to avoid getting slaughtered by *Doom*-like monsters born of the high radiation levels. The multiplayer action is hot, but be careful: You'll get wasted online or off if you fuck with the wrong people.

DUNGEONS & DILLWEEDS

WIZARDS & WARRIORS' COVER MODEL FABIO WAXES NOSTALGIC

By Scott Steinberg



Mario and Luigi aren't the only Italian stallions to get gamer hearts racing. In 1989, romance-novel cover boy Fabio Lanzoni graced the cover of *Ironsword: Wizards & Warriors II* as the bare-chested barbarian Kuros. To honor the franchise's 20th anniversary, we phoned him to talk geeks, girls, and gigantic muscles.

We hear you're a dork at heart.

I've always admired technology. I've spent millions on my own home-theater setup. Blame it on my father, who was a mechanical engineer. I grew up around gadgets. Best Buy's Geek Squad recently made me an official ambassador.

Why did you say yes to the cover?

Back then, only two people had ever been asked to appear on a game's cover: Hulk Hogan and myself. It seemed like a good opportunity.

How was it different from shooting a cover for a romance novel?

We were filming at this stage with a huge volcano that spit flame and smoke. I'm supposed to be playing this mighty warrior, only I'd never done this kind of shoot before and was really clumsy. It's a wonder we didn't burn the place down.

If you could design a game, what would it be like?

It'd probably be like the movie *Rollerball*, but on motorbikes. It'd be fun to race and fight.

REVIEW

★★★★★

Bullet Witch

(Xbox 360) Atari

Girls with guns are hot. And Alicia, a girl with a giant customizable gun and magical powers, is *superhot*. In this post-apocalyptic nightmare, the witchy woman with unlimited ammo must slay hordes of wise-ass zombies and destroy the demons that were unleashed when she was brought back to life. As Alicia advances through this gothic game, she unlocks other sexy outfits and improves her spells. By the end, she can summon meteor showers that destroy whole city blocks and throw roses that transform into spears and impale her enemies. Hell hath no fury like a woman armed.



Q&A

>> **Bloc Party**

These cool Brits busted their arses recording *A Weekend in the City*, only to see it get leaked onto the Internet and watch while their drummer's lung collapsed onstage. Over a pint of Guinness, drummer **MATT TONG** explains Bloc Party's recent ups and downs.

What was it like when you joined the band in 2003?

Those early rehearsals were very lively. There were a lot of ideas flying around. It was clear [lead singer] Kele [Okereke] was very strong-willed. It wasn't until we started recording that we saw ourselves as a unique four-piece band. That was six, seven months into it.

Are rehearsals still great brainstorming sessions?

I think the dynamic has changed slightly over the last few years. Before, we'd play two or three times a month and have plenty of time for reflection. Now, everything we do is quite urgent. [But] I think this album is a bit more fluid. Looking back on it, I think we would have edited *Silent Alarm* more. There are a couple of songs that shouldn't have been on there.

Does Okereke's strong will get frustrating?

Every time I feel a bit put under I think, *If I wanted to form a band and be a singer, I would have done it by now.* If Russell [Lissack, our guitarist] wanted to do something independent, he could. So could Gordon [Moakes]. But at the moment, we are in this band and we know we're following a good path.

Does the new album have a theme?

You can almost look at this record like Robert Altman's *Short Cuts*: It's a lot of different stories intertwined. One recurrent theme is the desolation of people's lives, which leads them to emphasize the parts that take place during the weekend rather than try to seek fulfillment in their week.

Does that reflect your own

experience in London?

Yes. I'm from a small town, and I remember having much better ideas when I lived there because I had nothing else to engage with. Unfortunately, in England, if you want to achieve anything in a creative sense, you have to gravitate toward a large city, and that brings its own set of problems. There's a seedy undercurrent of dissatisfaction in London that I think we've all felt in recent months.

What were you doing when your lung collapsed?

I was throwing a ball with Gordon, our bass player, and my chest really started hurting. I thought I strained something. Onstage that night I was struggling to breathe, and by the end I really couldn't. I staggered offstage and went to the hospital. I was cracking jokes

in the ambulance. I thought it was funny when they brought me the X-ray and were like, "Your lung's collapsed." I was like, "How much? Just a little bit?" "No, your whole lung. It's not working."

Scary. How are you now?

I've become a complete hypochondriac and am convinced I have mad-cow disease. I've been really forgetful, and I don't know if I'm being paranoid, but I've been noticing slight distortions in my perception. It might have something to do with the last time we played in Amsterdam.

What happened?

I basically abused the legalities of certain things, mushroom-wise. I won't be indulging in psychedelic substances ever again. Don't do mushrooms and then sit on a tour bus for five hours.



CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOC (left to right): Matt Tong, Gordon Moakes, Kele Okereke, Russell Lissack



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REVOLUTION

EXPERT ADVICE: HOW TO THROW A BACHELOR PARTY



» Before Josey Scott, the lead singer of the hard-rock band Saliva, got hitched to Kendra Lynnett Edney at Graceland in 2004, the happy couple threw a bachelor/bachelorette party. The celebration involved everything from sushi to strippers to a Marilyn Monroe look-alike who serenaded the groom-to-be with "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." If you're thinking of tying the knot, Scott's got some words of wisdom.

The Old Standby Is Good ...
We had a friend's party at Platinum Plus, a strip club some people call the Wild West because anything goes there. On a Friday or Saturday night, it's not an oddity to see several girls onstage doing each other.

... But There Are Other Options
Kendra and I threw ours at an old-time theater. We played old movies like *Casablanca* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* up on the big screen, and used the stage for the Marilyn Monroe chick and strippers. We would have loved a Dita Von Teese burlesque show. It's almost hotter when something is left to the imagination.

Think of Your Guests
We've lived in L.A., and we get how to throw a fly party. We brought that spark back to Memphis and threw a Hollywood-caliber party for our country friends. We put out a red carpet and hired photographers and made everyone feel like they were rock stars and models for a night.

Throw a Joint Bash
Every bachelor party I've been to turns into a bunch of horny guys sitting around wondering what to do with themselves. It was brilliant to have a bachelor/bachelorette party because there were more girls than guys—and hot girls have hot friends.

Keep the Faith
The rules they teach in kindergarten are good to keep in mind. Keep your hands to yourself, don't destroy other people's property ... you know, the basics. If you do something on the night of your bachelor party that you need to confess [to the person you're about to marry], you should think how you really feel about the person. Do you really think you're ready to get married if—wasted or not—you were able to exchange that kind of energy with another person?

Be a Karaoke ROCK STAR

St. Patrick has become the patron saint of getting wasted, so in case you find yourself in a karaoke bar at 1 A.M. on St. Paddy's Day, here's a guide to not looking like an asshole on the mike—even if you're three sheets to the wind.

Beware of Speed Traps

The thought that you can keep up with Twista's speedy rhymes even when you're sober is a joke, so don't fool yourself into thinking you can do it after a six-pack. But Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" is just as difficult, so get real and stick to something you can keep up with.

Know the Words

If you're already seeing double, trying to keep up with that bouncing ball isn't going to be easy. Classics or new songs you've been singing in your car for weeks are safer options.

Stay in the Comfort Zone

Led Zeppelin recorded plenty of great rock songs, but we doubt you can match Robert Plant's falsetto—and with lowered inhibitions, you just might try.

Create a Distraction

If your singing sucks, compensate by revving up the crowd with a song they'll love to sing along with, then hold the mike to them during the chorus.



Don't be fooled by these:

1. "It's the End of the World As We Know It (and I Feel Fine)," by R.E.M. 2. "Cigaro," by System of a Down 3. "Tommy the Cat," by Primus 4. "Act a Fool," by Lil Jon

REVIEWS



Fall Out Boy

» **Infinity on High (Island) ★★★★★**
From corporate cheerleader Jay-Z's opening rap to the snotty chorus and sweet guitar licks that close the album, these emo all-stars prove they've got abilities far beyond what we heard on their previous records. Songs that would have been the pride of *From Under the Cork Tree* are in the mix, but are overshadowed by instant classics like "The Carpal Tunnel of

Love." The Babyface-produced "How Cruel" is a lonely, piano-backed song that shows off Patrick Stump's vocal range, while the single, "This Ain't a Scene, It's an Arms Race," highlights his singing over a sexy rap beat. His brazen attitude evokes Justin Timberlake's "Sexyback." If you're expecting the same emo that characterized Fall Out Boy's first two albums, you'll be surprised. **Penthouse Pick:** "Thanks for the Memories"



Jesse Malin

Glitter in the Gutter (Adeline)
This singer-songwriter's poetic, Springsteen-inspired tunes are heavy on acoustic guitar. Some are perfect for singing along and keeping time on your steering wheel, while the quieter, sadder songs make for a pleasant subway commute. Unforgettable lyrics and musical contributions from Ryan Adams, Josh Homme (Queens of the Stone Age), and a moving duet with the Boss himself make this a powerful third album.



★★★★★

Test Your Reflex
The Burning Hour (RCA)
Most bands flop when they try to copy Robert Smith's forlorn pop style, but these determined Californians capitalized on the upbeat "Friday I'm in Love" side of the Cure, and wrote a cheery rock record that's a must-listen.



★★★★★

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah
Some Loud Thunder (Wichita Recordings Ltd.)
The newest album from this fiercely independent band is more thoughtful and less intense than their debut. It's flavored with waltzing piano melodies and other equally inspired songs.



★★★★

Travis Rush
Come and Get It (Mason)
The debut from this lovelorn country singer is heavy on ballads, but there are a handful of songs with a fun up-tempo. The title track is a perfect romp for line dancing that will even appeal to listeners who are lukewarm on country.



★★★★

The Ataris
Welcome the Night (Sanctuary)
The fuzzy guitar that opens this album foreshadows the rest of this concept record. Many of the songs feel emo, but those that combine indie-rock licks with Kristopher Roe's desperate vocals create an exciting tension.



★★★★

Relient K
Five Score and Seven Years Ago (Capitol)
We may have heard the harmonies on this album a million times before, with different lyrics by different bands, but that doesn't mean the record feels played out. Instead, the songs' familiarity gives them universal appeal.



★★★★★

Air
Pocket Symphony (Astralwerks)
Pulp frontman Jarvis Cocker lent a hand to this electronic duo's album. It has the ethereal quality of their previous work, and the slow, deliberate pace of the synthesized instruments makes it seem like a distant relative of *Dark Side of the Moon*.

NOTABLE MENTIONS


RJD2
The Third Hand (XL Recordings)
Kittie
Funeral for Yesterday (X of Infamy)
The Frames
The Cost (Epitaph)

BABY BAND BUZZ

» Springtime arrives soon, and with it comes the buzz about the newest indie darlings at the SXSW music festival, held every March in Austin. Here are six bands you need to check out to stay ahead of the curve this year.

					
SILVERSUN PICKUPS	THE COLOUR	MATT MAYS AND EL TORPEDO	HELLO STRANGER	THE HORRORS	SHINY TOY GUNS
<< THEY HAIL FROM >>					
Los Angeles	Orange County, California	Nova Scotia, Canada	Los Angeles	England	Los Angeles
<< WHY THE BUZZ? >>					
Led by a charismatic, occasionally off-the-wall frontman, their Smashing Pumpkins-style rock songs snagged them a spot on <i>Letterman</i> and gigs with Wolfmother, Snow Patrol, and OK Go.	On their debut album, <i>Between Earth & Sky</i> , lead singer Wyatt Hull channels Led Zeppelin frontman Robert Plant while his band backs him with bluesy, Strokes-style rock.	These alt-country rockers are known for their energetic live shows, and their Canadian fans have already given them the stamp of approval. They're also friends with one of last year's Canuck-based buzz artists, Sam Roberts.	The indelible pop melodies on their debut album, plus their glammed-out performances, have made Hello Stranger a sensation in Atlanta and L.A. Plus, their sassy, long-legged lead singer is wicked sexy.	They've already been featured on the cover of the British music mag <i>NME</i> , and their creepy video for "Sheena Is a Parasite" made waves when MTV banned it. Their black hair may look goth, but they sound more like the Yeah Yeah Yeahs-meet-Bauhaus.	It may seem odd to peg a band's success to its MySpace popularity, but considering that this electroclash group's page has been viewed more than two million times, it's a taste of what's to come.
<< FOR FANS OF >>					
Darker My Love	Hot Hot Heat	Tom Petty, Neil Young, Wilco	The Killers	The Stooges, the Strokes, the Damned	Peaches, Goldfrapp

Lyrics We LOVE



"You're like a test, I can't fuck up /
You're like a song in my head / Like a
dream, don't wake me up / And if I never
see the light again / Well I guess they
put me in the ground / With a smile on
my head, my love."—"We Can Never
Break Up," by **ALKALINE TRIO**



World's Most Valuable Timepiece Disappears

Back in 1933, the single most important watch ever built was engineered for a quiet millionaire collector named Henry Graves. It took over three years and the most advanced horological technique to create the multifunction masterpiece. This one-of-a-kind watch was to become the most coveted piece in the collection of the Museum of Time near Chicago. Recently this ultra-rare innovation was auctioned off for the record price of \$11,030,000 by Sotheby's to a secretive anonymous collector. Now the watch is locked away in a private vault in an unknown location. We believe that a classic like this should be available to true watch aficionados, so Stauer replicated the exact Graves design in the limited edition Graves '33.

The antique enameled face and Bruguet hands are true to the original. But the real beauty of this watch is on the inside. We replicated an extremely complicated automatic movement with 27 jewels and seven hands. There are over 210 individual parts that are assembled entirely by hand and



27 jewels and 210 hand-assembled parts drive this classic masterpiece.

then tested for over 15 days on Swiss calibrators to ensure accuracy. The watches are then re-inspected in the United States upon their arrival.

What makes rare watches rare?

Business Week states it best... "It's the complications that can have the biggest impact on price." (*Business Week*, July, 2003). The four interior complications on our Graves™ watch display the month, day, date and the 24 hour clock graphically depicts the sun and the moon. The innovative engine for this timepiece is powered by the movement of the body as the automatic rotor winds the mainspring. It never needs batteries and never needs to be

manually wound. The precision crafted gears are "lubricated" by 27 rubies that give the hands a smooth sweeping movement. And the watch is tough enough to stay water resistant to 5 atmospheres. The movement is covered by a 2-year warranty.

Not only have we emulated this stunning watch of the 1930s but just as surprising, we've been able to build this luxury timepiece for a spectacular price. Many fine

27-jewel automatics that are on the market today are usually priced well over \$2,000 dollars, but you can enter the rarified world of fine watch collecting for under \$100. You can now wear a millionaire's watch but still keep your millions in your vest pocket. Try the handsome Graves '33 timepiece risk free for 30 days. If you are not thrilled with the quality and rare design, please send it back for a full refund of the purchase price.



The face of the original 1930s Graves timepiece from the Museum of Time.

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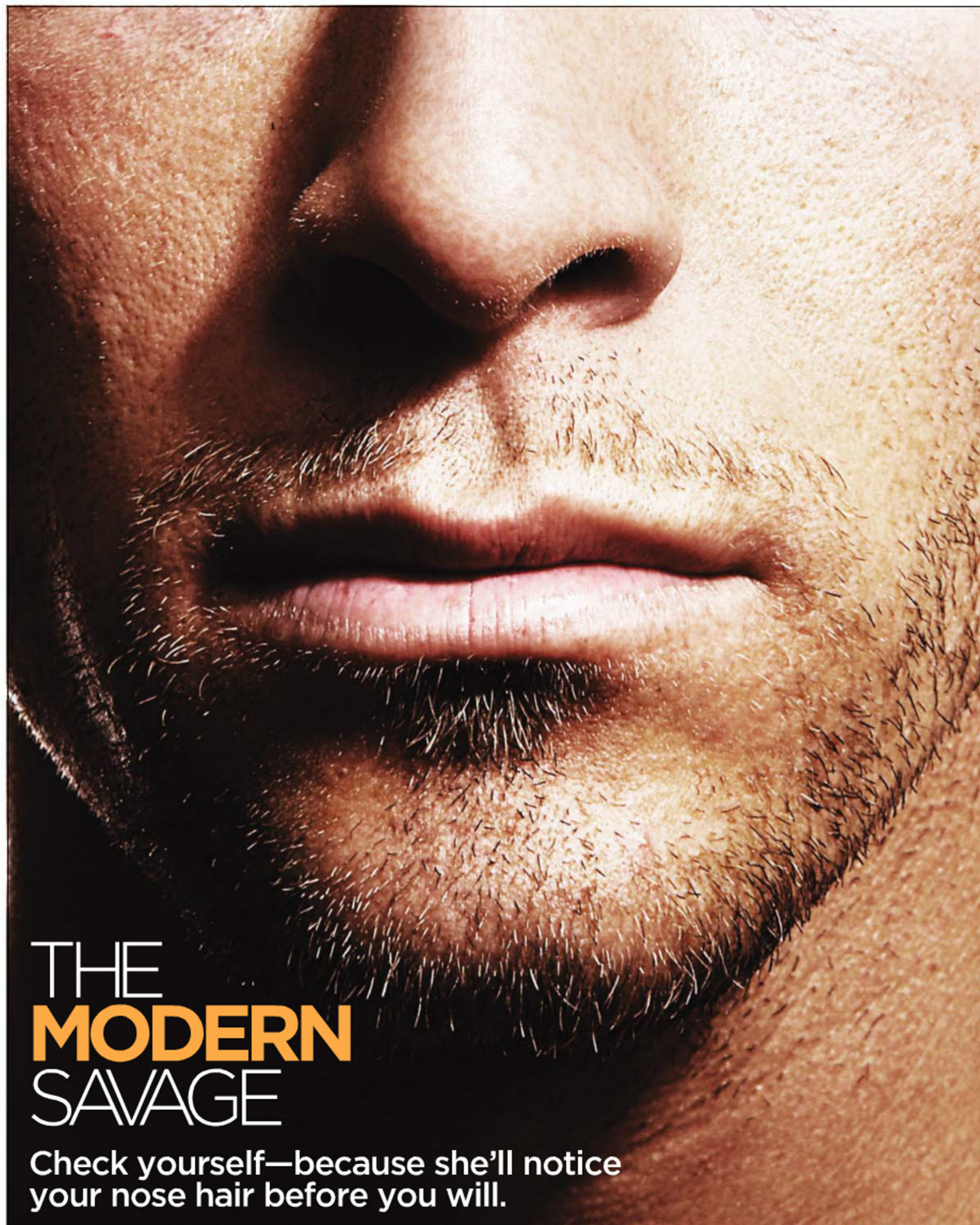
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THE **MODERN** SAVAGE

Check yourself—because she'll notice
your nose hair before you will.

Photograph by Steve Smith/Getty Images

THE MODERN SAVAGE

THE LADY KILLERS

Take a hard look in the mirror before your nose hair, earwax, or dandruff scares her off for good.



JUST BROWSING

You pay attention to the hair on your face and on your head, but those aren't the only places it grows. Unruly nose and ear hair is an instant turnoff, but trying to yank the hair out not only hurts like hell, it can lead to infection. You'll need tools. With Tweezerman's Deluxe Trimmer (\$15), a gentle squeeze is all you need to tidy up. The blades twist to cut hair while avoiding your skin. If you need a little more power, try Conair's battery-operated Deluxe Lighted Nose & Ear Hair Trimmer (\$15). It can be used wet or dry, and the rotary cutting system and integrated light help ensure accuracy.

THE REAL PRICE OF OIL

Testosterone and oil go hand-in-hand, and if you've got the former, chances are you have too much of the latter. If that's the case, put down the soap and pick up a decent facial cleanser. Oil Control Purifying Face Wash (\$6) from Nivea for Men is a foaming gel that demolishes dirt and excess oil without drying you out. Jack Black's All Day Oil-Control Lotion (\$26) will keep your skin shine-free. Try using the Purifying Clay Mask (\$17.50) from Lab Series Skincare for Men twice a week. The clay soaks up oil, and activated charcoal extracts impurities.

HEY BROW

Take a hard look at the space an inch above the bridge of your nose. Do you see what looks like a caterpillar creeping across your forehead? If you answered yes, you, my friend, are a convicted uni-brower. An electric shaver offers a quick (if temporary) fix, but to beat back more serious growth, a barber, hairstylist, or professional waxer can help. If you prefer to take matters into your own hands, you'll need the proper equipment. To remove individual hairs, we like Tweezerman's Wide Grip Slant Tweezer (\$20), which is precise and easy to handle. Get started after a hot shower, and always pull in the direction of hair growth. When all you need is a trim, Tweezerman's stainless-steel Facial Hair Scissors (\$15) have rounded tips for safety.



WAX OFF

You may not be able to see the waxy buildup in your ears, but you can bet she can. Cleaning with cotton swabs can help, but that only pushes the wax deeper into your ear. What can you do? When you're in the shower, keep your head down with your chin tucked close to your chest, and make sure you give your head a thorough rinsing. Ear gunk is often the result of hair-product residue that gets trapped in the outer ear, so wrap a wet washcloth around your finger and gently wipe the opening, making sure not to poke too deep inside.

SNOW PATROL

Dandruff isn't a threat to your health, but it poses a threat to your sex appeal. Genetics, stress, cold climates, and excessive sweating can all bring on a whiteout. Fortunately, antidandruff shampoos are better than ever. Matrix Men Active Control (\$13) squashes flaking and itching. Kiehl's Herbal Shampoo & Scalp Treatment for Dandruff Control (\$17.50) uses eucalyptus extract and aloe leaf juice to leave hair soft and manageable. Others, like American Crew's new Tea Tree Shampoo and Tea Tree Conditioner (\$10 each), aren't exclusively for treating flakes, but tea-tree oil is a natural antiseptic with scalp-soothing properties. Your blue blazer will thank you.





START THE MADNESS!

Everything you need to make your March hoop dreams come true

The sooner you face the fact that your idiot friends are going to camp out on your couch for the duration of the NCAA basketball tournament, the better off you'll be. Why not plan ahead and do it right this year? Here's everything you need to master the madness—from bankrupting your coworkers to clogging your arteries in style.

Win Your Office Pool

According to Yale University business professor Edward H. Kaplan, there are more than nine billion possible outcomes for the NCAA basketball tournament. That's a lot of different ways to lose your office tournament pool. Fortunately, Kaplan and a few of his scholarly friends have devised some strategies to better your odds. Here are three of their top tips for staying in the money through championship night.

Pencil in some underdogs, especially if your pool awards bonus points for upsets. Choose a few nine-seeds to beat eight-seeds, which happens more than 40 percent of the time. To spot upsets, check the Vegas point spreads; oddsmakers trump even the computers in first-round games. Then, pick all of the top seeds to beat their 16- or 15-seed opponents.

For the middle rounds, pick teams that boast a star point guard who can single-handedly lead them deep into the tournament (remember Dwyane Wade and Marquette?) or a deep veteran roster that hasn't been picked clean by the pros. Put your Googling skills to good use and clear an afternoon to scour college-hoops Websites and blogs.

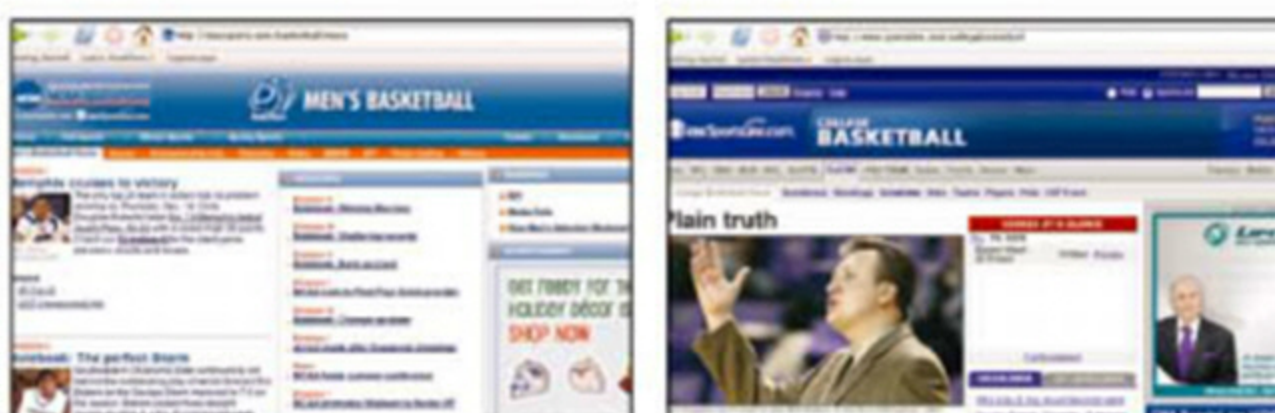
Since most pools dole out the biggest share of points in the final game, you'll probably need to pick the champ to have a realistic shot at winning. Don't just go with one of the favorites because everyone is likely to go with the same team. Instead, opt for a school that's near the top seed but isn't among the tournament's front-runners. That way, if you win, you'll win big.

Or, you can throw the stats to the wind and just guess. There's always a chick in the pool who makes her picks based on team names or mascots—"Oooh, huskies are my favorite dog! I'm going for UConn! What's a Uconn?"—and ends up beating half the guys. Poring over stats is a killer time-waster—in 2006, the tournament cost employers an estimated \$3.8 billion in worker productivity—so why not let loose on a couple of picks?



SAVE YOUR SOFA

The sweet stench of Cheetos and booze will have your couch smelling like a sports bar for months. Stock up on Febreze or tuck some dryer sheets between the cushions to keep your living room from reeking.



DITCH YOUR TV ...

For the second year, CBS SportsLine.com and NCAA Sports.com are offering free live streams of games during the tournament's first three rounds. Make the most of it: Invest in a privacy screen for your monitor, tell your cubemates you're working on a top-secret project, and plug in your "noise-reduction" headphones. Open a document and type some gibberish once in a while to look like you're busy. Voilà! No one will disturb you while you catch the North Carolina game at 3 P.M. on a Monday.

If you're one of those poor souls who can't tune into the game at work, CBS is offering condensed versions of games at Apple's iTunes Music Store for \$1.99 each, plus full-length versions of this year's semifinal and championship games.

... OR PIMP IT OUT

Early in the tournament, different regions regularly stage contests at the same time. But don't let tournament broadcaster CBS dictate which games you can and cannot watch. Spring for DirecTV's Mega March Madness package to get live, out-of-market games during the first three rounds. It includes every fan's wet dream, the Mix Channel, which allows you to simultaneously watch up to six live games on the same screen.



EAT RIGHT

Last year, you awoke the day after the championship game to find your living room littered with a month's worth of pizza boxes and hamburger wrappers. This year, get into the kitchen. Follow this recipe for baked ziti with meatballs from Tucker Shaw, author of *Gentlemen, Start Your Ovens* (Chronicle Books, 2007), and you'll remember why God invented carbs.

For the sauce:

- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons dried oregano
- 1 to 2 teaspoons garlic powder
- 2 tablespoons dried minced onion
- 1 small can (about 6 ounces) tomato paste
- 1 can (about 14½ ounces) diced tomatoes (imported Italian are best), with their juice
- 2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar
- ½ cup chicken stock or canned broth

- 1 pound dried ziti
- 10 to 12 meatballs (optional)
- 1 cup shredded Asiago cheese
- ½ cup shredded provolone cheese
- ¼ cup ricotta cheese
- 1 cup shredded mozzarella cheese
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Bring a large pot full of salted water to a boil over high heat.

Make the sauce:

In a medium saucepan, heat the olive oil, oregano, garlic powder, and dried onion. Cook for one minute, then add tomato paste. Stir to incorporate, then add the tomatoes and juice, vinegar, and chicken stock. Stir and let simmer over low heat, covered, for 30 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 375°F. Add the pasta to the boiling water and cook until just under-cooked, shaving two minutes off the package directions. Drain, then empty into a baking dish. Stir in the sauce. Add the meatballs. Gently stir in the Asiago, provolone, ricotta, and mozzarella, then sprinkle that Parmesan on top. Bake for 20 minutes, until the cheeses are browned and bubbly on top.

STOCK YOUR BAR

You know that mildly annoying coworker who invites himself over to watch the game, except you tolerate him because he always brings over a six-pack? Take advantage of the March hoopla to stock your bar by instructing guests to bring over a bottle of their favorite whiskey/ rum/vodka. Not only will you be enjoying premium mojitos come June, you'll also be helping out that guy in IT who still lives with his grandma.





Remember those bulky, so-called portable TVs that you practically had to wrestle with so you wouldn't miss the playoff game while you were stuck at your cousin's wedding? Well, now you don't even need a TV to catch the game—just reach for your cellphone, laptop, or PDA. Today, most MP3 players and iPods have video screens, and improvements are being made to increase battery life and memory so these devices can run longer and handle more tasks. So whether you need to see CNN on your laptop, want to check out the latest music videos on your cellphone, or feel like watching last night's game-winning shot again and again on your PDA while you wait for that delayed flight, you have a slew of affordable options.



THE PLAYER

RoverTV's four-inch wide-screen media player records directly from your TV, cable box, or DVR. This palm-size device is perfect for people with lots of downtime, like commuters who want to catch up on their favorite programs or videos while in transit. The Rover can play MP3s and even broadcasts FM radio (so you can listen to it in the car), and records up to four hours of video on a two-GB memory card, while the lithium battery supports up to six hours of video playback. The Rover is not cheap, but the memory card accounts for about \$100 of the cost; and since it fits in your pocket, you'll never want to leave home without it. \$349. RoverTv.com



THE RECORDERS

The SanDisk V-Mate Video Memory Card Recorder lets you play recorded content on your cellphone, laptop, PDA, or PSP. The basic recorder transfers up to 3.5 hours of video per gigabyte from sources like over-the-air TV, cable, or DVD players onto a two-gigabyte card. The V-Mate is great for bringing movies to your laptop or short (30-minute) programs to your cellphone. But be warned—video playback drains your phone battery fast. \$130. SanDisk.com

A similar option is the Neuros MPEG4 Recorder 2. This mini digital VCR records from the same sources as the V-Mate. It also records from your camcorder onto Memory Stick or CompactFlash cards, which are not included. (SD cards tend to top out at two gigabytes, but an eight-gigabyte CF card can be bought for about \$170.) It even comes with a remote control for easy use. You'll find the Recorder 2 simple to use, but it must be plugged into an electrical outlet. \$130. NeurosAudio.com



LIVE TV

Tune your laptop into your home TV with the Slingbox Pro. Hook it up to the Internet and watch live TV (or stuff you TiVo'd) from your home set; you can even change channels. This product is ideal if you live alone, but beware of domestic disputes if you flip to boxing in Cleveland while your girlfriend is at home in Seattle watching the Travel Channel. The Slingbox requires a high-speed broadband signal and does not play HD, but you can probably do

without that when you're on the road. \$250. Slingbox.com

The Pinnacle PCTV HD Pro Stick delivers high-def and standard TV to your laptop. Just raise the antenna and plug in the portable USB 2.0-powered TV tuner. And Pinnacle's MediaCenter software lets you record shows for later viewing. PCTV only works where there's an over-the-air broadcast signal (think rabbit ears)—so it won't pick up shows in all areas. This is the best

choice for live HDTV with no hidden costs. \$130. PinnacleSys.com

ADS MiniTV USB TV Tuner delivers real-time, standard-def TV to your portable media player, laptop, or desktop PC. It comes with MediaTV software that gives your computer TiVo-like recording capabilities. If you don't have a lot of cash, this is an inexpensive way to watch TV on your PC, and it's also a good space-saver for dorms and small apartments. \$80. ADSTech.com



THE GOODS



1



2

1 The Stud-Sensor i65 OneStep has an LCD screen to mark wood and metal studs, and detects hot AC wiring so you don't get fried. \$30. Zircon.com

THE FIX IS IN

Eight tools you won't want to lend to your neighbor

2 Skil's Octo Multi-Finishing sander comes with eight attachments for detail work, a built-in work light, and a dust canister to catch the debris. \$40. SkilTools.com

3 The SK soft-face hammer has a gentle touch and comes with a replaceable tip. \$36. SKHandtool.com

4 Ryobi's 12-inch miter saw has a laser-alignment system for accuracy. \$219. RyobiTools.com



3



4



5 Husky's Pro Tool Bag is a smart way to organize your tools and tote them from job to job. It has 19 storage pockets and is made of water-resistant material that's a whole lot lighter than your dad's rusty old toolbox. \$35. HuskyTools.com

6 After you demolish, you'll need to rebuild. The Milwaukee V18 Hammer Drill is true to its name, both driving screws and drilling into steel, wood, or even concrete with ease. \$329. MilwaukeeTool.com

7 Milwaukee's Super Sawzall cuts through heavy steel or wood, and its rotating handle makes severing pipes a cinch. \$229. MilwaukeeTool.com

8 Leave tough clean-up jobs to the iRobot Dirt Dog Workshop Robot, which sucks up nails, nuts, bolts, wood chips, and other drop-pings with a quick push of a button. \$130. iRobot.com

THEPOURHOUSE

The Bloody Maria

Making tequila the breakfast of champions

It may sound like an acquaintance you made in Tijuana on your last "pharmaceutical fact-finding mission," but it serves a noble purpose: The Bloody Maria gives you an excuse to drink tequila in the morning. Some puritanical folks think it's too rough to start the day with, but

those timid mimosa drinkers would probably choose a jog over sleepy morning sex. Tequila drinkers, on the other hand, are inherently warmer and naturally lustier—a group that looks forward to a little jolt in their morning libation. And Maria has never let them down.

Here's how to make one.

1. Tumble out of bed. Grab a jalapeño pepper and a handful of fresh cilantro (get this stuff the night before; hungover trips to the market are unlikely to yield little more than egg-and-cheese sandwiches).
2. Remove the seeds and core from the pepper. Chop it and the cilantro finely. Drop a pinch of each into a cocktail shaker and smash with whatever tools you have on hand—muddler, pestle, crowbar.
3. Fill the shaker halfway with ice. Add two ounces of premium tequila (Jose Cuervo Tradicional, Patrón Silver, Don Julio Silver), four ounces of tomato juice, and three teaspoons of fresh-squeezed lime juice. Add eight cranks of pepper and a dash of salt.
4. Finish with two dashes of Tabasco sauce (go for the chipotle flavor—it's smoky and delicious) and four quick pours of Worcestershire sauce. Give the mix a vigorous shake and serve over ice in a glass with a lime wedge.
5. Repeat.





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Janelle Varga has
beauty, ambition, and
raw sex appeal all
wrapped up in a slim,
curvy five-foot-four-
inch frame. We're
sure every image of
her will leave you
breathless.

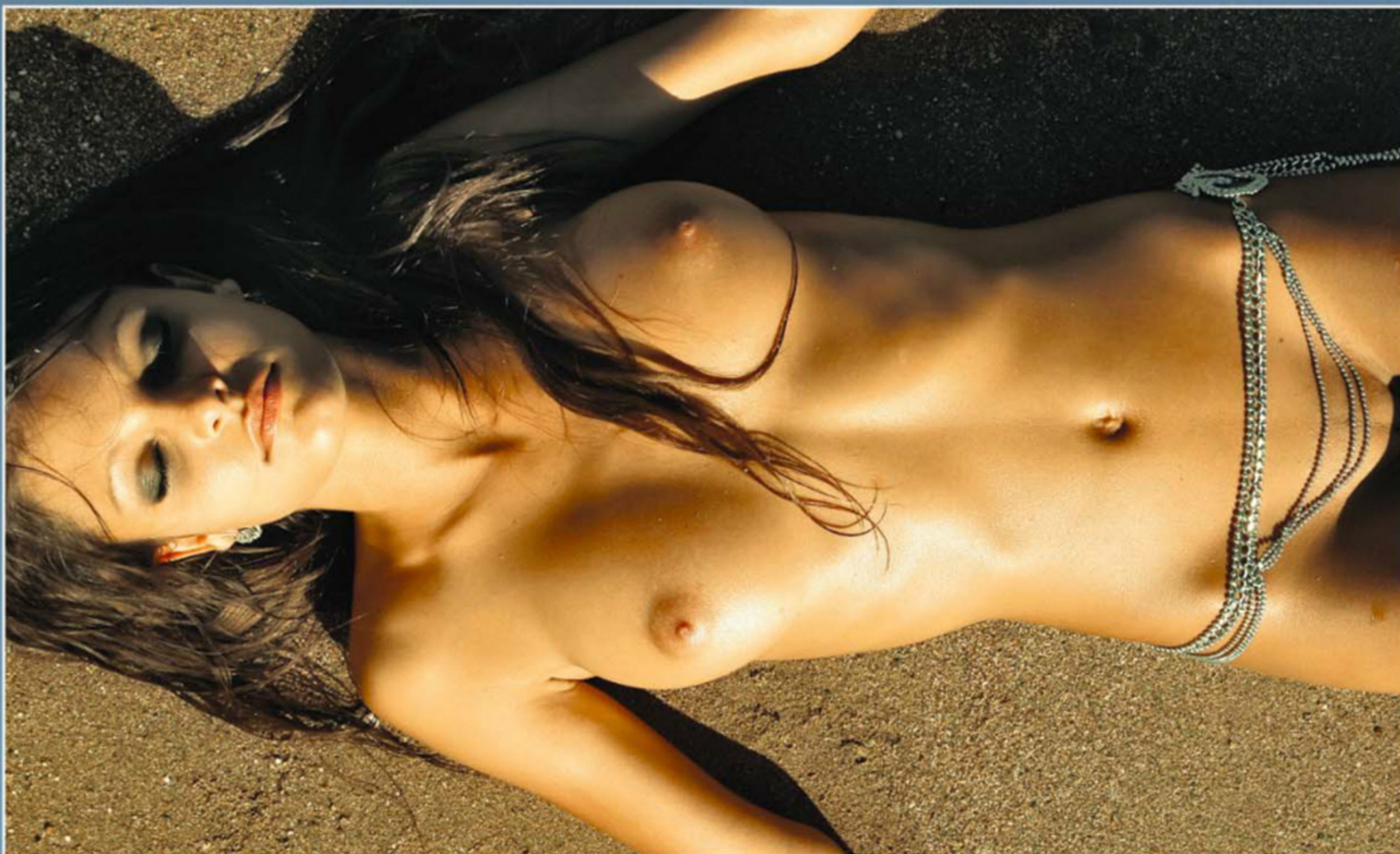
Photographs by
Mark Goldberg

S L A R






POOVER



"Sunbathing on an exotic Greek island makes for a very pleasant afternoon," Janelle says of her photo shoot. "The only problem





out there nude really turned me on, and I needed more than these metal chains to cool me down. I needed some private time when we were done."





Seeing Janelle's photos proves that size doesn't matter. "It's how you move, of course," the 19-year-old Hungarian says, flashing a wicked grin. "I have the energy of a star athlete, and the sexual appetite to go all night long. For some guys, I can be dangerous."

"Relaxing in the sand makes me feel totally decadent because I'm the girl who runs around all day, then goes out dancing till dawn. I never sit still."



for long." Check out [Penthouse.com/janelle](https://penthouse.com/janelle) to see more of this "dangerous" powerhouse. Or call 1-800-519-6678 for exclusive Pet interviews.



OF MARCH AND MADNESS

Five Underclassmen to Watch

There's a long tradition of young bucks rising to the occasion in the NCAA tournament, from Michigan's Fab Five freshmen in 1992 to Florida sophomore Joakim Noah last year. Here are five who could lead their teams to basketball bliss this season.

GREG ODEN, Ohio State, freshman Sure, everyone knows Oden could be an NBA All-Star by now, if not for the league's minimum-age rule of 19. But still, wow: He's a seven-foot shot-blocking machine who dominates the boards, scores in the low post, and generally looks like a man among boys. With Oden in the pivot, all roads to the NCAA title go through Columbus.

TYLER HANSBROUGH, North Carolina, sophomore Last year's ACC Rookie of the Year surprised some by coming back to Chapel Hill instead of opting for NBA dollars. "Psycho T" will be looking to make up for last year's NAATs, when he fizzled in round two against tourney Cinderella George Mason, scoring only ten points in a 65-60 loss.

CHASE BUDINGER, Arizona, freshman His stock rose like helium at the start of the year as he showed slick passing skills, a soft long-range touch, and the ability to take defend-

ers off the dribble. Coach Lute Olson compares his star forward to former Wildcat Sean Elliott.

JOSH HEYTVELT, Gonzaga, sophomore Injuries put a huge dent in his 2005-06, and if Heytvelt (right) had been 100 percent alongside Adam Morrison last March, Morrison might have been crying tears of joy in the finals instead of tears of despair in the Sweet 16. The six-eleven center outplayed Hansbrough in Gonzaga's 82-74 win over UNC in November.

BRANDON RUSH, Kansas, sophomore He struggled early this year, perhaps due to all the preseason pressure heaped on him after his Big 12 Freshman of the Year performance in 2005-06. But we suspect the guard has settled into the role by now—and is ready to redeem himself after the Jayhawks' first-round loss to 13th-seeded Bradley in last year's tournament.

ALSO KEEP AN EYE ON

Luc Richard Mbah a Moute, UCLA;
Chris Douglas-Roberts, Memphis; Daunte Cunningham,
Villanova; Darren Collison, UCLA; Brandan Wright,
North Carolina



PENTHOUSE TOP 5: MARCH MADNESS CHOKERS

Everybody loves an upset, and the NCAA tournament is loaded with them, particularly in the first round. But for every underdog's triumph there's a blue chipper's gag reflex. These are the top five in tourney history:

5. **GEORGETOWN, 1985** Can you really call it a choke if the other team shoots 78 percent from the field? Yes! Patrick Ewing and the Hoyas were the defending NCAA champions and the best defensive team in the country. So how did they let eighth-seeded Villanova—a team they'd beaten twice that year—shoot their lights out? HBO made a documentary about this title game and called it *Perfect Upset*. We can think of another name.
4. **KENTUCKY, 1986** The only thing standing in the way of the top-seeded Wildcats was 11th seed Louisiana State—a team Kentucky had already whipped three times that year. Tigers coach Dale Brown devised an unorthodox defense for the game, called “the Freak.” It certainly freaked out Kentucky, which fell 59–57, making LSU the lowest seed ever to reach the Final Four at the time.
3. **IOWA STATE, 2001** Only four 15-seeds have ever toppled No. 2's, and this is one of those gems. We hate to detract from tiny Hampton University's moment in the sun, but this one was a classic choke for the Cyclones. They held a nine-point lead with seven minutes to play—then failed to score another point, losing 58–57. *Gaaaghh*.
2. **UNLV, 1991** Las Vegas had three future NBA'ers in Greg Anthony, Stacey Augmon, and Larry Johnson, and went 34–0 during the regular season. But when they met Duke in the semis—a team they'd embarrassed in the previous title game—the Rebs' engine seized and they lost 79–77.
1. **ARIZONA, 1993, first round** Having lost to East Tennessee State the previous year, there was no way second-seeded Arizona was going to stumble against 15-seed Santa Clara in 1993. Wrong. 'Zona fell behind early, then scored 25 points to erase the deficit. But that wasn't quite enough to KO the 15–11 Broncos, whose best player was a skinny, white Canadian, for crying out loud. Santa Clara battled back to win 64–61 and sent Arizona to a second straight embarrassing exit from the NAAs. And that skinny Canuck? Future two-time NBA MVP Steve Nash.

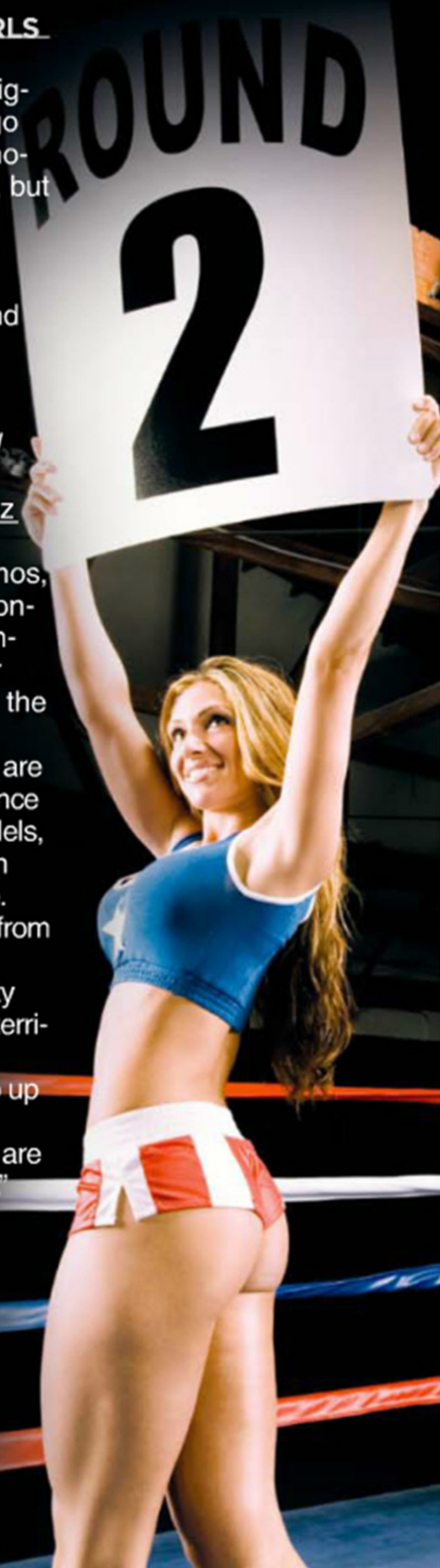
Behind the Scenes on Fight Night

Boxing reporter Charles Lane takes you ringside to meet the supporting players who are crucial to any boxing match.

THE ROUND-CARD GIRLS

Many of the secondary figures in a boxing match go about their business unnoticed by the average fan, but not the round-card girls. They're hot, and they're front-and-center the moment the bell dings to end a round. Models make good money in this role (hey, \$1,000 for walking around in circles is *good* money). Richard Cox, owner of RoundCardGirlz.com, books the women with promoters and casinos, and makes additional money through Website membership and, believe it or not, renting ad space on the girls' tiny outfits.

Cox's biggest problems are scheduling headaches. Since it's a livelihood for the models, catfights have been known to break out over ring time. Amanda Lynn, a card girl from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, says the catfights and petty squabbles come with the territory, but it's worth it. “I just love the attention—you go up and all eyes are on you,” she says. “You know guys are checking you out. It's sexy.”



Photograph by Corbis. Opposite page: Photograph by AP



GAMETIME PROFILE

THE ALEX OVECHKIN

THE CAPITALS' SUPERSTAR FORWARD

It happens every time. The second Washington Capitals left wing Alexander Ovechkin hits the ice, I suck in a quick breath. I can't help it. It's like when the engines spark to life at Indy or Wolfmother kicks into "Woman." Something's about to happen. I don't know what, exactly, but suddenly my body goes on high alert.

Ovechkin might cap an end-to-end rush with a jaw-dropping goal (you can see his best on YouTube); or slip the puck through traffic onto someone's stick; or dispense a bone-rattling hit that jolts the crowd to its feet. Possibility is in the air. My nerves go taut and twitchy, and I'm not alone: A surge of electricity crackles through the 20,000 other fans in the arena, each of whom has just sucked in a quick breath of his own.

"When he gets near the puck, the energy changes," says Ray Ferraro, an 18-year NHL vet and analyst for NBC. "Every time he touches the puck, everyone moves to the edge of their seat. Every time."


You don't just watch Ovechkin—you experience him. And the Alex Ovechkin experience is the best thing to happen to the NHL since a skinny 18-year-old named Wayne donned the No. 99 sweater in Edmonton. Last season, the Moscow native scored 52 goals, notched 54 assists, and zipped past Pittsburgh Penguin center Sidney Crosby to win the Calder Memorial Trophy as the NHL's top rookie. Finally, the NHL had a Bird-vs.-Magic rivalry of its own, and the media proclaimed them "this generation's Gretzky-vs.-Lemieux," heralding the twin superstars for a new era of hockey.

So why hasn't Ovechkin's fame caught up to his formidable game? Maybe it's because the Caps are still mediocre. Maybe it's because the NHL isn't even on basic cable anymore. Either way, as Ferraro says, "Ovechkin is like gold to the NHL." The league desperately needs young, vibrant stars if it hopes to recover from the 2004-05 lockout, which canceled the season and pissed off fans from

Calgary to Carolina. Ovechkin could be the perfect savior: He's 21, supremely talented, and, despite his broken English, possesses a made-for-SportsCenter personality that whips grizzled beat reporters into a tizzy. Finally, they have something to write besides the "I-just-wanna-help-the-team" clichés hockey players are famous for spewing. Ovechkin even has his own catchy nickname: "Alexander the Great." He gives sportswriters the chance to write that "the next Great One" has finally arrived.

And they just may be right.

"You don't have anywhere to be, do you?" the Capitals' press guy asks me



By Greg Lalas

If he keeps going at his current pace, Ovechkin (below, after scoring for Russia in the 2006 Olympics) will have NHL execs and fans jumping for joy.

OVESCHKIN EXPERIENCE

HE IS THE BADDEST THING ON ICE.

as I wait for Ovechkin after practice. "Alex is usually the last guy out of the locker room," he tells me. "He just doesn't like to leave."

Hockey is Ovechkin's life and has been since he was two, when, as the legend goes, he grabbed hold of a hockey stick in a store and wouldn't let go. He comes by it naturally. His mother, Tatiana, won two gold medals with the Soviet Union basketball team in 1976 and 1980. His father, Mikhail, was a goalkeeper for the Dynamo Moscow soccer club. If you wanted to genetically engineer an athlete, you could do far worse.

Up close, "Ovie" is bigger than you would expect. He is listed as six-foot-two, 212 pounds on the Capitals' roster, but at practice he looked small, even fragile, next to behemoths like Donald Brashear. Maybe it's because of his crouched skating style or the fact that he's faster than everyone else. Whatever the reason, when I finally sit down with him, I'm surprised: Ovechkin is one big motherfucker—

and he's winningly blunt.

When asked to describe his style of play, he says, "Just shoot the puck and ... that's it."

"That's a style?"

"That's a style."

I'm still smiling at this exchange when a voice booms out from across the locker room. "Jesus Christ, what else can you ask him?" It's Capitals goaltender Olaf Kolzig. "Why don't you just Google him?"

It's hard to tell if Kolzig is needling Ovechkin or me, or if there's something more going on. Perhaps "Olie the Goalie," onetime media darling, is a little annoyed by all the attention devoted to Alex the Great.

Either way, Ovechkin doesn't let it get to him. "I feel no pressure," he tells me. "Last year was pressure. Last year, if I go somewhere, everyone is talking about me. But now the pressure is gone. Everybody knows I'm good player."

Yet Ovechkin's confidence is not of the boastful, undiluted variety you see

in so many jocks. He has charisma and wit, but also a shyness and self-consciousness. He just wants to be himself—"Ovie"—and he wants others to recognize his individuality.

The Gretzky or Mark Messier comparisons only exasperate him. "When I was kid, I wanted to be Marco Sturm or Owen Nolan," Ovechkin says, referring to two under-the-radar NHL stars, one blessed with speed, the other with ruggedness—two qualities that join forces in Ovechkin's game. "But when you grow up, you understand that you can be yourself. You must be yourself. I don't like when people tell me, 'You look like some big star.' No. Me is me. He is him. Like ... Jordan is Jordan. Nobody else can be Jordan now."

True enough, and the same obviously goes for Wayne Gretzky. One way to stop the endless comparisons is to do something that the legend never did. Preferably while said legend is standing powerlessly behind the opposition's bench. Ovechkin's

GAMETIME PROFILE

Ovechkin, right, muscles past New Jersey's Alexander Mogilny in 2005.



first transcendent moment as a pro came more than a year ago, when he scored a goal against Phoenix that has the hockey world—including Phoenix coach Wayne Gretzky—still shaking their head. It started at mid-ice, where Ovechkin picked up the puck and went in one-on-one against Phoenix defenseman Paul Mara. Ovechkin feinted to the right, then dragged the puck across to his backhand. He got twisted around and lost his balance as Mara put a body on him. Ovechkin fell, and as he skidded on his back, unable to see the goal, he hooked his stick over his head with one hand and slid the puck past the goaltender. It was a feat of raw determination, strength, skill, and instinct that will live forever on YouTube. Even Gretzky had to take a second look at the replay to believe it.

"No one in the history of the game has scored [anything like] the goal he scored against Phoenix," Ferraro declares. "He's the most special individual to come along in a long time."

But what's most impressive about Ovechkin, apart from his obvious offensive prowess, is his focus on his team. "Without question, a ton of Ovechkin's self-esteem comes from putting pucks over goal lines," says Bill Clement, lead NHL analyst on the Versus network. "But more than that, he wants the team to succeed, because he hits people. And that creates opportunities for someone else. How many goal scorers hit people?"

The Capitals haven't reached the playoffs since 2003, but Ovechkin is

on a mission to get them into the post-season this year, and he's got them on track for it. If you ask Ovechkin, he'll tell you they're definitely going to win the Stanley Cup. "This year, we have experience. And we signed lots of great players—[Alexander] Semin, Brashear. We are growing up. We are getting bigger. And we have unbelievable goalie in Olie [Olaf Kolzig]. If we play hard and we play with each other, we have good chance."

"Every time he **touches the puck**, everyone moves to **the edge of their seat**," says Ray Ferraro, an **18-year NHL veteran**.

He might not admit it, but it would probably burn Ovechkin if the Caps exit the postseason before Crosby's Penguins do. Ovechkin and Crosby are the yin and yang of the NHL's future, the league's answer to LeBron James and Dwyane Wade, or better yet, hockey's version of Bird and Magic, who saved the NBA from the doldrums in the 1980s. And even if they say all the right things about being focused on their own careers and their own teams, they are watching each other like spies.

Of course, it was Crosby who got all the attention heading into their rookie season. Crosby was the No. 1 pick of the 2005 draft, deemed "the Next One" by Gretzky himself, and universally considered the most talented prospect since Mario Lemieux, who briefly played on the same line as


Crosby. Ovechkin had been the No. 1 pick of the 2004 draft, but the lockout hit, so he continued to suit up for Dynamo Moscow and got lost in the exhaust of the Crosby hype machine, which roared to life the following year. But when the league returned, Ovechkin came out with a roar of his own, scoring two goals in his NHL debut and setting an all-time league record for consecutive points to start a career, with at least one point in each of his first eight games. He ended the season by beating out Crosby for rookie of the year.

Crosby hardly fell flat himself: He was cultivated and smooth and spotlight-ready, becoming the youngest player to top 100 points in a season. The two are a study in dynamic contrasts: the smooth-skating, slick-passing Crosby and the rugged, herky-jerky Ovechkin, each astoundingly effective in his own way.

Watching Crosby on the ice is akin to watching ballet—the grace, the subtlety, the polished talent. Watching Ovechkin is like hitting an after-hours club on a Moscow side street, dancing to ear-splitting techno and wondering where the hell the night's going to take you. As beautiful as the ballet is, you'd be crazy not to go clubbing, if only for the experience.

So if you were starting an NHL franchise, which of the two would you

build your team around? "There's a fire burning a thousand degrees hot inside both of them," Clement says. "Ultimately, Sid might end up a more valuable player, but only because he's a center. Sid thinks about passing as much as scoring. Ovie is obsessed with putting the biscuit in the basket."

Ovechkin likes Crosby, respects him as a player and for the way he has handled the pressure that comes with being an 18-year-old wunderkind. But if Ovechkin were building a team ... "Ovechkin, definitely," he says. "Because, um ..."—he glances at me as if to put quotation marks around his next comment—"because Ovechkin is Ovechkin." 

The author writes a weekly column for *SI.com*.



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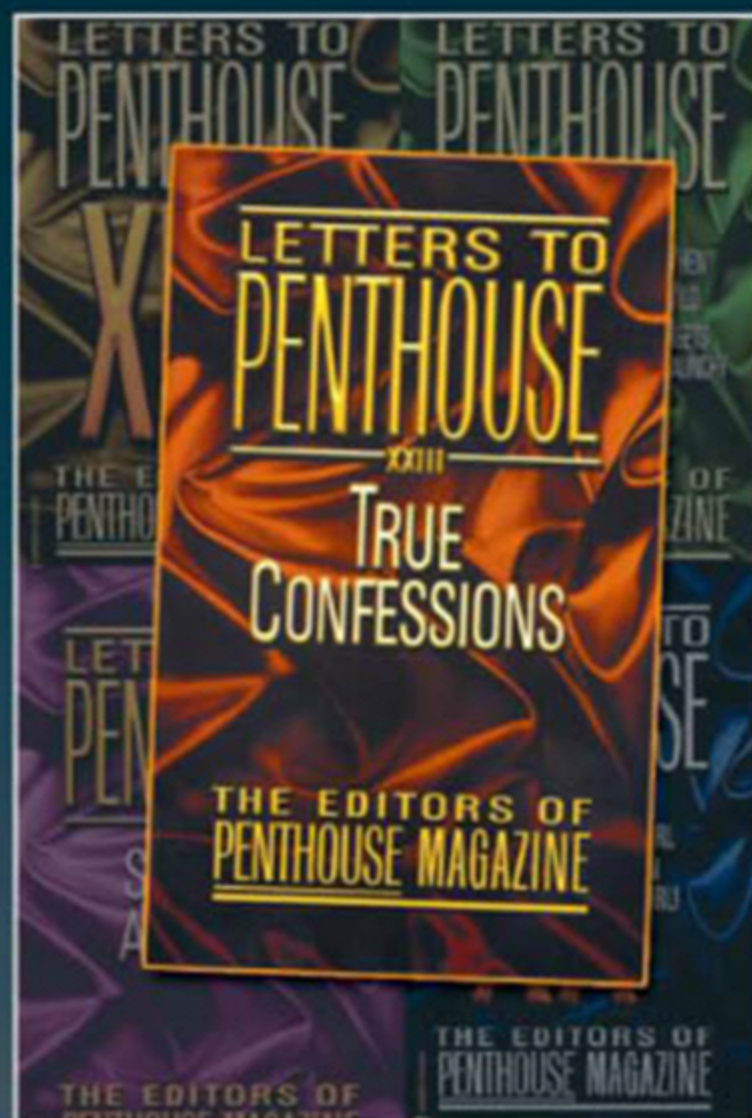
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Just You Wait

Making a girl cool her heels

is not very gallant,

but sometimes sexual

anticipation makes

the final surrender that

much more exciting—

for both of you. Here are a

few ways to build

her passion.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



MAKE HER SURRENDER

Try some mild bondage and discipline—most girls love to be tied down for sensual caressing or for a good erotic spanking once the mood is right. Thinking of all the things you could do with her helpless body will get her going, and the heat in her spanked bottom will quickly spread to the rest of her.





CLOSE HER EYES

Anyone enjoying *Penthouse* knows men are visual creatures, but remember, women are more likely to be aroused by verbal stimulation. Moreover, dulling one of the senses will heighten the others, so why not blindfold her while caressing her body, or put headphones on her while tracing a vibrator over her erotic zones? Less can be more when it comes to sensual play. As she becomes excited, describe what you will do to her in explicit detail. Or use her as the main character in a sexy story—ask her to set the scene, then take it from there. A plotline featuring her favorite sexual fantasy will soon have her begging you to act it out.



EXTEND YOUR KISSING

Taking your time, kiss her not only on her mouth, but on her face, the back of her neck, behind her ears, from her neck to her shoulders ... every inch of skin above her breasts, until she can't handle it anymore and pushes you down south.



GET HER MOVING

Ask her to model some lingerie, strip, dance, or pose for you. You can even take photos or touch yourself while she strips. Putting on a show and watching you get worked up will put her in a very sexy mood. If you don't think you can get her hot without touching, think again!



TAKE CHARGE

Make her prepare herself for sex. Give her detailed instructions on how to get ready, what perfume to put on, and what lingerie to wear. Be calm and commanding. Tell her to masturbate in front of you, with or without a toy, until you see a flush in her cheeks. Inspect every inch of her, slowly and silently, until she is squirming with anticipation. If you take your time and do this right, even a two-minute fuck will be enough to get her off!



FEEL HER UP

An erotic massage is a good heat builder. Start with very gentle brushes over her skin, known as *pattes d'araignée*—"spider's legs." Then slowly increase the pressure for a deeper massage. This is more like prolonged foreplay than therapeutic treatment, but "massage" has a nice ring to it.

THE DOCTOR IS IN

Luna Tics

I've heard that female sex drive varies depending on her ovulation cycle. Are men also affected sexually by something monthly, like lunar cycles?

The only heavenly bodies that affect male sex drive are those of their sex partners. But your drive and stamina may be affected by your lady's hormonal fluctuations. When women are in their most fertile stage, ovulation, they emit odorless chemicals called copulins that men readily sense. These pheromones can increase male desire by causing a surge of testosterone. When the girl is really into sex, men typically get more turned on, achieve a more rigid hard-on, and ejaculate more copiously.

Little Squirts

When my wife was pregnant, she began squirting when she had orgasms. But since she gave birth, she no longer squirts and seems a lot drier during sex. Is there any way to make her ejaculate like that again?

Pregnancy causes a number of hormonal changes that alter a woman's sexual response. An increase in blood flow to the uterus and the pressure of the fetus often leads to greater sexual responsiveness and lubrication, which explains your wife's sudden ability to drench you. To provoke more wet climaxes, try combining oral sex with a manual massage of her G spot: the raised, bean-shaped mass of nerve tissue located about halfway between

the back of the pubic bone and the top of the cervix, on the front wall of her vagina. This double-barreled approach may stimulate her lubrication glands enough to make her squirt again.

Sex Buddies?

I recently had sex with a very hot girl. After the hookup, she told me she is actually interested in my best friend, and the only reason

she had sex with me was to get to him. Around the same time, my buddy commented that he thinks she's hot, too. But he doesn't know I hooked up with her. Should I introduce them, even though I'm really bummed out that she used me?

If I were you, I would tell your buddy about your tryst with the object of his fantasies. He may not feel so inclined to bed her knowing

that you were there first. He may even recognize your jealousy and decide to pass on this tart. If he doesn't, move on and let them work it out for themselves.

Scent of a Woman

My current girlfriend is the first one who let me go "all the way." I dig her a lot, but when we make love, it starts to smell fishy. We always take showers prior to having

What **you're describing** is the normal **scent of sex**. Always showering before sex suggests an **obsession** with cleanliness.



sex, and I don't smell anything while we're just fooling around or when I go down on her. Then, in the middle of the real action, this fish scent starts to bother me. Is there something wrong or is this just the smell of sex?

I think what you are describing is the normal, musky scent of sex. If she doesn't typically smell and you always take a shower prior to sex—which suggests a bit of an obsession with cleanliness—she doesn't seem to have a major B.O. problem. However, sexual friction stimulates the apocrine glands, which release a musky substance that mixes with sweat, creating what's known as "apocrine sweat." In other words, sex doesn't smell like roses. If her genital smell is especially strong, it could be an indication of a yeast or bacterial infection, or a sexually transmitted disease. But if you are both healthy, you probably just have an overly sensitive nose. **OT**

Katt Power

With a hit HBO special, a rap album, and seven adopted kids (plus one of his own) to look after, Katt Williams is firing on all cylinders.

From the moment Katt Williams steps to the mike, he has the audience right where he wants them. He removes his ankle-length white fur coat and white fedora, hands them to his barely clad "assistants," and takes a sip from a massive, bejeweled pimp cup. Williams hasn't even uttered a word beyond a requisite shout-out to the city of Atlanta, and you sense that he's already won.

Katt Williams is not a large man, but he tends to dominate any room he's in. Whether it's the wide-open spaces of the Atlanta Civic Center, where he filmed his HBO special *The Pimp Chronicles Pt. 1*, or the more intimate dimensions of his suite at New York's Trump Tower, where he is tonight, he commands center stage. His assistant is here, along with two members of his entourage, and while they're not quite walking on eggshells, they're showing palpable deference to the 33-year-old Williams. He exchanges a few hushed words with his assistant, then settles on the couch to eat. What is the badass pimp of comedy dining on tonight? Cristal and caviar? Hennessy and a blunt?

"Make sure you tell them I was eating bagels and lox," he says with a sly smile. The menu might seem a bit out of character, but the luxurious setting is not. These days, Katt Williams is big pimpin'.

After years of toil in the back rooms of Oklahoma and around the Southeast, where he built a steady following, Williams finally has arrived. At the moment, he has at least six projects in play—including *Norbit*, in which he plays a small-town pimp opposite Eddie Murphy, Eddie Griffin, and Thandie Newton. *Pimp Chronicles* is one of HBO's top-rated specials in years. He hosted the inaugural BET Hip-Hop Awards in No-

vember. He dabbles in rap (his album, *It's Pimpin' Pimpin'*, is on Cam'ron's Diplomat Records), ring tones (he's sold millions of them as Money Mike, his scene-stealing pimp from *Friday After Next*), real estate (through an investment firm he owns), and retail (of course he's got his own clothing line). Williams also tours constantly, doing stand-up, and is the single father of eight kids, seven of them adopted.

It's an impressive workload, and becomes even more so when you consider that it belongs to a man who ran away from home at the age of 13. Williams left his mother and his father, a former Black Panther, in Dayton, Ohio,

the street-vendor gigs, the carnival circuit, and the door-to-door magazine sales began to recede in his rearview mirror. Of course, there was a long road of back rooms and way-off-the-beaten-path venues ahead of him, but Williams always had faith. Literally.

In the late nineties, facing limited prospects and single fatherhood, he says he made a kind of reverse Faustian bargain, promising good works to God if things worked out for him. "I don't know if it was a deal," he says, "but you tell Him all the good stuff you'll do if He can just make things work for you. And then you gotta live up to it as much as possible."

"Marijuana is an illegal vacation. I don't go there as often as I'd like, but I enjoy it every time, and I can't wait to get back."

and lit out on his own.

He settled in Florida, where he found work as a carnival-game operator and a street vendor. "It was the best/worst thing I ever did," he says. "I just missed my family the whole time. I had grown up wanting adventures. I was busy reading *Gulliver's Travels*. I wanted to explore. But in those books, they never show the guy, like, *not being able to eat*. You miss that part of the adventure where the dude is *starving to death*. You never get that in the Robin Hood story. Somehow they just cut to him roasting a deer, you know. There are not that many deer in Miami, as it turned out."

No, but there were comedy clubs in Miami, and Williams eventually talked his way onto their stages while still in his teens. He did five minutes to an approving audience one night, and with that,

So, now that things *have* worked out, what about Williams's end of the bargain? Are his seven adopted children part of his living up to his promise? "Absolutely. It's important that you do something good with what you got.... It's pretty hectic. But it's a lot of fun."

So score one more apparent contradiction on the Williams tote board: pimp as God-fearing family man. When Williams talks about his profession, there's yet another surprise. While he cites Richard Pryor, Eddie Murphy, and Lenny Bruce as major influences, he also gives it up for Don Knotts. That's right, Barney Fife.

"He was the first guy I ever saw who was always funny," Williams says. "All the time. It never seemed like he was trying to be funny. As kids growing up, you couldn't have told us that Don Knotts was actually an actor."



WILLIAMS ON WOMEN AND WEED

♥ "I'm just saying, ladies, stop trippin' on shit that don't even muthafucking matter. Never in the history of niggerdom has a nigger been getting ready to have sex with a woman and changed his mind because her fingernails and toenails didn't match. Not never. Not never. Never has a nigger been putting a condom on and—'Wait a minute, bitch. Is that plum and red? I can't even do it, bitch, I'm outta here.'"



"Don't give me that shit about, 'It's a drug.' It ain't no motherfuckin' drug. I've done the research. It's just a plant. It just grow like that. And if you should happen to set it on fire, there are some effects. But that's not the same as drugs. Drugs, you got to do shit to it chemically—you got to add baking soda, water, stir it up—I don't know the recipe, I'm just saying. It's some shit you gotta do to it. But why pot's illegal, I don't know. Aspirin is perfectly legal, but if you take 30 of those motherfuckers, it's gonna be your last headache."

Like Knotts, Williams is a gifted physical comedian. But he's also a sharp social critic: "Atlanta is the nastiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most beautiful, wonderful place in all of America," he says. "You never know what you're gonna get: All your dreams could come true at Magic City [strip club], or you could get killed at a stoplight."


Then there are Williams's hallmark energy and verbal dexterity. He's constantly on the move, and uses riffs with words and rhythm, like a rapper. Indeed, Da Brat, Andre 3000, Lil Jon, and Cam'ron turn up in *The Pimp Chronicles Pt. 1*, and the DVD is book-ended by appearances by Snoop Dogg. Also like

rappers, there's one word Williams uses incessantly in his act—repetitively, rhythmically, shading its meaning with every use—a word that after Michael Richards's meltdown this past fall has become almost radioactive.

"Ah, yes!" Williams laughs. "You mean 'comedy?'" No, not exactly, although this particular word often *yields* comedy. Some people, including Bill Cosby, have criticized comics and rappers for using it. "Everybody who says that it's an awful word, that it should never be used, I think they're absolutely correct," says Williams. "By the same token, all the people who use it [reclaiming the word in comedy and hip-

hop culture], I think they're correct as well. I do that word onstage because I do it in my life. And I do a lot of things in my life that I shouldn't. I shouldn't smoke cigarettes. I shouldn't fornicate as often as I do. There's a lot of stuff I shouldn't do."

But pot-smoking—which figures prominently in his act—is not on that list of no-no's, and perhaps this makes sense for a man whose insane schedule provides precious little downtime.

"Marijuana to me is an illegal vacation," he says. "I don't get the chance to go there nearly as often as I'd like, but I enjoy it every time I do, and I can't wait to get back." 

Dismember Me, I'm Irish

At some point, St. Patrick's Day got overrun by McDouchebags and O'Tools and became an Irish-American embarrassment. Luckily, Christian Finnegan has a plan to reclaim March 17.

When I say "Irish," what's the first thing that comes to mind? Music? Literature? The crucial role Irish monasteries played in safeguarding literacy during the Middle Ages? No? Okay, then let me guess: some shitfaced slob with vomit running down the front of his Larry Bird jersey? Or maybe you're envisioning a feisty leprechaun engaged in some sort of ridiculous jig. Am I close? Hey, it's okay—these stereotypes are ingrained in us all, but you lose five sensitivity points if your leprechaun also happens to be wasted.

In a process that probably started at Ellis Island, genuine Irish culture has been gradually replaced with a caricature that rarely conjures positive imagery in this country (unless, of course, you consider public urination positive). The archetypal Irish-American is neither a poet nor a scholar. He's more like a "Sully," that flabby loudmouth who hangs out at McDateRapey's Pub. You know Sully; he's the one with the ruddy cheeks and

abnormally large head, the guy with the FIGHTING IRISH tattoo even though he flunked out of community college and couldn't find South Bend on a map of Indiana. He looks like he played football back in high school but has since put on 45 pounds of fried cod and Coors Light. He's famous for his head-butt and enjoys burping and blowing it in your face. In short, Sully is a douchebag. And St. Patrick's Day is the day when people everywhere unleash their inner Sullys, then have the nerve to call it an homage to my ancestors.

I'm an Irish-American. Which means that more than a hundred years ago, my ancestors loaded their pasty skin and ultra-potent sperm onto a boat and set sail for Boston, the most Irish place they could find that wasn't Ireland. My father was always big on family heritage—the Finnegan family crest hung prominently on our





living room wall, and he insisted on playing the Clancy Brothers on long car rides. A couple of times he even forced me to eat corned beef and cabbage, a traditional Irish dish that should be fed only to war criminals and convicted pederasts.

Despite his best intentions, my father's enthusiasm for all things Gaelic had the opposite effect on me. As a child, I'd roll my eyes at anything overtly Irish. Granted, the early eighties were a dark time for Irish culture, with the emergence of Dexy's Midnight Runners—seriously, *overalls?*—obliterating all of the goodwill generated by U2. And the one aspect of Irish culture I really can't muster any pride about is St. Patrick's Day—the whole concept is just irredeemably goofy. Hell, I'll go one step further and say that any Irish-American who actually looks forward to March 17 is suspect of being a Sully.

Look, I understand that every nationality has to deal with stereotypes. But only on St. Patrick's Day do people of all

too). Really, though, there's an important distinction between getting drunk and getting drunk *for the right reason*. My trip to Ireland last year taught me that Sully is a distinctly American beast. He doesn't exist in Ireland. The culture of drinking is entirely different on that side of the Atlantic. If the archetypal Irish-American is Sully, then the bona fide Irishman is "Eamonn." Both Sully and Eamonn drink too much, but unlike Sully, Eamonn gets more charming with each pint. He astounds you with a tale from Irish history, or flashes a razor-sharp wit. Sully tells you about the time he accidentally set fire to his sofa while lighting a fart. Eamonn will pick up a guitar and strum a bittersweet tune about the death of his bonny lass, or recite a 500-year-old poem from memory. Sully can only muster the first verse of "Jump Around."

Eamonn doesn't drink to get drunk. He lives in constant pursuit of camaraderie. And what helps people connect better than a nice sturdy buzz? Eamonn

"You know Sully: He **looks like he** played football **in high school** but has since **put on 45 pounds** of fried cod and Coors Light."

racers and creeds get together and act out one culture's least respectable personality trait. Do we celebrate Italian culture by wearing velour track suits and shaking down loan sharks?

Don't get me wrong—I'm not saying the Irish don't drink a lot. They do. They drink constantly, to the point where a slight buzz seems like an ingrained part of daily life. In fact, I saw a billboard ad campaign when I was in Ireland that asked, "Have you had your Guinness today?" It was like a public service announcement or something. If you were to pick up the average Dubliner's day planner, it would probably read:

11 A.M.—drop off dry cleaning
11:30 A.M.—buy stamps
12 P.M.—down seven pints
2 P.M.—pick up kids from school

But there's more to Irish drinking than simply getting drunk (there's fighting,

is not addicted to alcohol, but to poignancy—and that addiction drives him to drink. So what if he's a bit of a cartoon himself after a dozen pints? He's still less obnoxious than Sully.

So this March 17, if you really want to pay homage to Ireland's rich history and culture, be a little more Eamonn and a little less Sully. Start a sing-along, recite a poem, tell a heartrending story about your great-grandpa. But don't drink like you're in a race to get wasted, and definitely don't feel obligated to order the corned beef and cabbage—I wouldn't wish that on *any* man.

Erin go bragh, motherfucker. —E.F.

Comedian Christian Finnegan appears weekly on VH1's *Best Week Ever*. He's currently headlining the Comedy Central on Campus tour in support of his CD, *Two For Flinching*.

When Business Meets Pleasure

Down, Dog

A room full of women sweating and bending and groaning? What young male yoga teacher Here he tells *Penthouse* about the easy leap from mat to mattress, and tries to make a case

Usually they come up to me after class. "My hamstrings are so tight. What can I do to get them to relax?" "My knee wobbles in warrior pose. How can I keep it steady?" "Do you mind if I give you a hug?"

Trust, of course, is the foundation of any student-teacher relationship, and I try hard not to take advantage of my position. But teachers are human, and when men and women are in close proximity ... let's just say I'm more disciplined than I once was.

Yoga can be intense, so it makes sense that after leading my students through this powerful experience, they think of me as somehow being responsible for their euphoric state. And they're usually eager to talk about it. A question after class can lead to coffee, dinner, and then more, back at her place. And even when I realize early on that we are not at all compatible partners, it's practically impossible to stop and say, "Oh, sorry, I just don't think our lifestyles match—put your underwear back on."

I'm constantly touching women in class, so there are times when I'll have my hands on a gorgeous woman, adjusting her from behind while she has her hands planted firmly on the ground and her butt in the air. I'm grasping her hips and looking at her beau-

tiful ass while she stretches, moaning, "ahhhh," and saying, "Oh, that feels so good." I can't help thinking that she could be making the same kind of satisfied sounds if we were having sex.

My students tell me how good it feels when I adjust them, bringing them deeper and deeper into a pose. Some of the women come to class dressed inappropriately, in too-tight tops and tiny hip-hugging shorts, so I've seen my share of breasts and pubic hair. When my female students are lying on their back with their knees spread in the air, and all they've got is a thin layer of fabric over their crotch, it's hard not to notice.

Sometimes they even make suggestive comments about my attire, remarking on how I look in a pair of shorts or how toned my legs are. I can feel their eyes on me, taking me in, treating me like a piece of meat. I feel like it's karma—payback for all the times I've sized them up by their bodies. And I kind of like it.

Yoga practice gives people greater awareness of their bodies, and students see teachers as having a masterful understanding of the human body that is very alluring. Plus, it's true. More than just possessing the flexibility to get into pretzel-like positions, an advanced yogi has





could resist the temptation? Not this one.
for peaceful mind over lustful matter.

control of *mulah bandha* (the muscles of the pelvic floor) and can control ejaculation. Some yoga practices, like tantra, teach you how to make love without coming at all. It's nothing mysterious, really, just a result of dedicated practice, but to the novice yoga student (and a new lover), that ability is mind-blowing.

A lot of students use yoga to deal with their issues. Sometimes those issues are sexual—sometimes they want to work them out with me. One gorgeous, dark-haired woman waited after class until everyone else had left and then came up to me and said, "Fuck me. Right here."

I don't know how she knew that I would, but I did, right there on the floor. Sometimes I still think about it when I teach, looking down, remembering, *it was right here*.

One time I walked into a room and realized that I had slept with three of the women in the class. I spent ten minutes rearranging the mats so they wouldn't be near one another, then struggled to stay calm for the rest of the class.


And of course I've gotten involved with other teachers. One of them would literally jump on me between classes and we'd tumble down the wall of the back room, knocking things over, going crazy for each other. It was insanely hot, but then I'd have to teach my next class with this huge erection. I'd walk very stiffly, trying to stuff it down in my pants. I'd begin the class by chanting (which is how I focus on the here and now) and my arousal would finally go away, but that's not the best way to start a class.

Since I'm a serious yoga practitioner, I lead a lifestyle that is somewhat outside the mainstream. I don't go to bars or clubs or the places where

most single people meet. So I have the most in common with other yogis, and because I spend so much time at yoga centers, that's where I meet the women I date.

Luckily, yoga recognizes the need to become aware of the body and physical desires before attempting to move past them. Many of the sacred temples in India are designed in a way that illustrates this journey. They have very graphic erotic sculptures depicting sex on the outside of the phallic-looking structure, but spiral upward to a place of pristine beauty. And the traditional tantra concept is that you have to go through the physical to get to the spiritual, as opposed to the Western notion of using deprivation. The saying is that you have to get wet in the swamp to find the lotus. And I guess I've gotten pretty soaked along the way.

But yoga teachers are expected to uphold high moral standards, and I've had to work hard in my personal practice to gain more control over my sexuality. I've realized that sexuality is a lot more than just fucking. Sex is messy and takes a lot of energy, and that's energy I could be using for practice.

But the more control I've gotten of myself, the more available women make themselves to me. It's as if they can sense when guys are needy and stay away, but when guys are confident and secure, they're all over you. After experiencing the complications that arise when you get involved with a student or another teacher, I want to make sure it's worth it. I want what everybody else wants, a person you can have great sex with and then have a lot to talk about over dinner. And until I find it, I'll just have to keep practicing. 

How is Norbit

After Dave Chappelle crashed and burned out, his funniest cast member did what any 47-year-old would do: He went back to work, including this month's *Norbit*, a new stand-up tour, and one more reason to brag about his

It's easy to think that Charlie Murphy's showbiz career began on *Chappelle's Show* with "Charlie Murphy's True Hollywood Stories," where he re-created his youthful run-ins with Prince, Rick James, and others. But Murphy has actually had a stealth career for two decades, appearing in dozens of movies: Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever* and *Mo'Neta Blues*, and alongside his brother Eddie in *Harlem Nights* and others.

And though you can thank *Chappelle's Show* for reintroducing us, Murphy is proving there's life beyond the show. In 2005 he had his own successful stand-up tour, Charlie Murphy and Friends, and he coheadlined a tour with Mike Epps. And now, he's making serious inroads into Hollywood as well. Not only is he credited with cowriting *Norbit*, but he will appear in several upcoming films, including *Bar Starz*, *Unearthed*, and—in a lead role—*Twisted Fortune*.

You say that after 17 years, you're finally being referred to as Charlie Murphy rather than "Eddie's brother." How liberating is that?

Being referred to as Eddie's brother really wasn't rough at all. I'm Eddie Murphy's broth-

er, not Charles Manson's brother. If people said, "Hey, there goes Charles Manson's brother," that would be fucked up. But when people say, "There goes Eddie Murphy's brother," it's cool.

How did *Norbit* come about?

I got the idea after seeing footage on the Internet of a woman beating the shit out of her husband. It was straight up like Ali and Frazier fighting on the street. She knocked him out four times! Everybody thought it was really funny. So I told Eddie we should write a movie on it.

Eddie plays a bunch of characters in the film. Didn't you want to be in it?

No, because I've been in movies with Eddie before. You might recall that I was the flower pot behind Eddie in *Harlem Nights*. I got eight of my own movies coming out, so I don't have to be in it. It means more to me to be doing my own thing and to also be able to say, "And by the way, I wrote *Norbit*, too."

What are your other films?

I have *Unearthed*, a sci-fi horror film I just finished filming in Utah. I also have *Bar Starz* and *Twisted Fortune*,

old comedy veteran would do: He got busy. Now, little brother: He might just win himself an Oscar.

with Carol Alt and Dave Attell. I'm the star of that film, and I think it's my best work. As much as I love doing stand-up, at the end of the day you want to be doing film, and you want to be the lead character in those films.

If Eddie gets nominated for *Dreamgirls*, will you go to the Oscars with him?

Absolutely.

So the world will see the two Murphy brothers walking down the red carpet?

I don't know if we're going to do all that. I'm sure Eddie will have a date. But I'll definitely be there to show him support. In fact, I'll say it right here and now for *Penthouse*: I fully expect Eddie to win an Oscar. He can't miss.

Let's get back to your career. *Chappelle's Show* put you on the map.

Yeah, the show made me a household name, but at the end of the day, Dave Chappelle didn't make me; God made me. Dave just gave me the opportunity.

Would it be fair to say that you don't get enough credit for the show's success?

I agree with you on that.

Chappelle walked away

from \$60 million and put you and the cast out of work. What went through your mind?

The same thing that went through everybody else's mind. I was shocked, of course. But whenever I've seen Dave since, we have never discussed it.

You never asked?

No. I'm not like that. If you had a leg missing, I would not sit here and stare at your stump. That's just the kind of person I am. You may not want to talk about that shit.

I'm guessing you didn't want it to end.

Nobody on the show wanted it to end. It stung tremendously, but you have to understand, if it weren't for that show collapsing like it did, I wouldn't have developed as a stand-up comedian to the point where I'm at now.

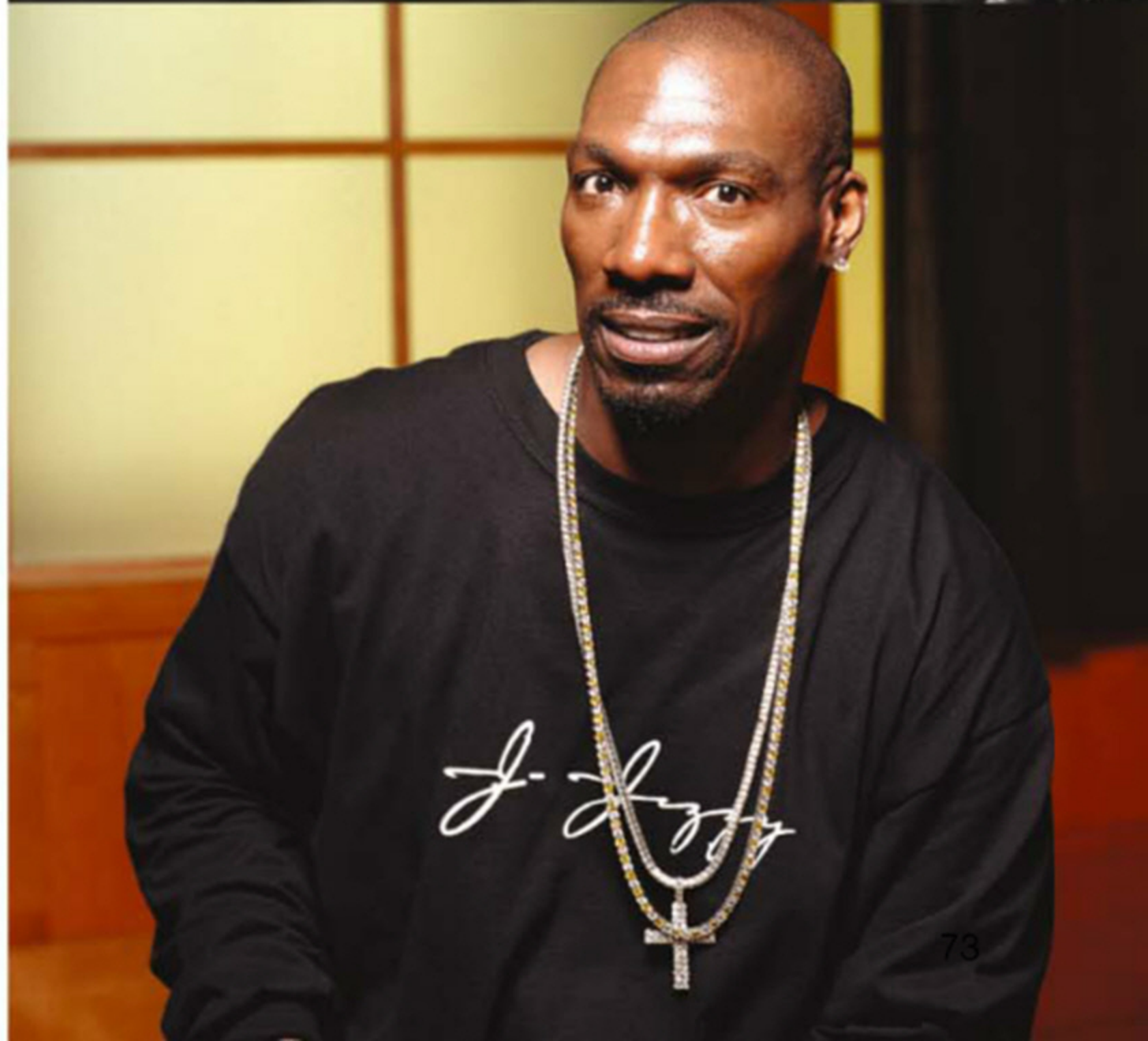
What made you decide to start doing stand-up again after all those years?

As it turns out, stand-up is my favorite thing. It's just me and I'm not asking for anybody's approval. The jokes work or they don't work.

Stand-up comedy is a brave thing for anyone to do, but it's especially brave



Charlie Murphy has a fistful of projects in the
Interview by Chauncé Hayden



when you're Eddie Murphy's brother. The expectations for you when you do a show must be enormous.

Yeah! Trust me. That's the reason why I couldn't do stand-up for years. I didn't have the desire or the opportunity because of those expectations. Ironically, the way this whole thing started was because of *Chappelle's Show*. One night during the show, Dave called me up onstage and said to the audience, "This guy has been writing some funny stuff for the show. Meet Charlie Murphy, Eddie Murphy's brother." I got a big round of applause and Dave gave me the mike and ran offstage.

"You can't go halfway. If I'm trying to make you laugh and I'm trying to be cool in case you don't laugh, it's not going to work. No, you commit, motherfucker! If they don't laugh, you crash to the ground full speed."



You didn't have an act prepared?

Nothing. Everybody was looking at me like I was ready to crack some jokes. So I ran off the stage. After that, all the writers gave me a hard time. So one night I just said, "Give me the microphone," to

get them to shut up. I ended up doing 15 minutes.

Last year you were booed off the stage in St. Louis. What happened?

I'm black and I'm from New York. And once you travel down South, one of the cardinal rules is that you can't make any references to them personally because they're going to take it hard. Well, I broke that rule. I walked onstage in front of 4,500 people and a guy yelled out, "You're not Eddie, get off the stage!" He just kept yelling. So I said, "Calm down, man, let me do my thing." But he just kept yelling, so finally I said, "Look,

man, this isn't open-mike night. Why don't you shut your ignorant ass, gold tooth...." And when I said "gold tooth," I noticed that the entire audience had gold teeth.

That's a Southern thing?

Yeah, I didn't know that, and they went berserk! So within the first three minutes of the show, I lost the entire audience. The whole audience was like, "You get the fuck out of here! Now!" So when I saw that the whole audience turned on me, I just looked at all 4,500 of them and said, "You met Charlie Murphy tonight, but you still don't know me. I want you all to know that I'm not scared of y'all, and one more thing—fuck you and fuck St. Louis, you bunch of country-ass gold-tooth 'Bama motherfuckers! Fuck y'all!" And that's how I left the stage.

What's the difference between that and what Michael Richards did when he yelled racial slurs at an audience member?

It's the same type of situation, but he chose a cowardly way out. See, I'm not afraid to fight. I'm not afraid to come off the stage and punch you in the face. Because this is how I feed myself and my family. So if you think you're going to

stop me from getting paid, then we're going to fight over that. Michael Richards never had that option. He's a punk. He took another approach. What he did was think, *What is the worst way I can inflict pain on that person?* And that was

through a racist rant. That wasn't about racism as much as it was about his feelings being hurt, so he wanted to hurt the audience member's feelings.

Being around Eddie, you've socialized with some of the most brilliant stand-up comics of our time. Who's had the greatest influence on you?

My brother. He taught me to commit to a joke and be fearless. Eddie taught me you can't go halfway. If I'm trying to make you laugh at the same time I'm trying to be cool in case you don't laugh, it's not going to work. No, man—you commit, motherfucker! If they don't

laugh, you crash into the ground full speed and bash your head open.

What did Eddie say to you the first time he saw you perform?

He said I gave him the bug again. He said because of me, he might come back and do stand-up again.

Any talk of an Eddie-Charlie tour?

That would be huge, man. That's one of my dreams.

Was it hard being in the military while your younger brother was becoming a superstar?

No, I was happy in the Navy. It was the first time in my life when I felt like I was worth something. I had fallen in with a negative crowd of people who weren't doing anything productive with their lives, and I picked up a similar attitude.

How bad were you as a kid?

I was the worst. Let's put it this way: I would have robbed Dennis the Menace.


What changed you?

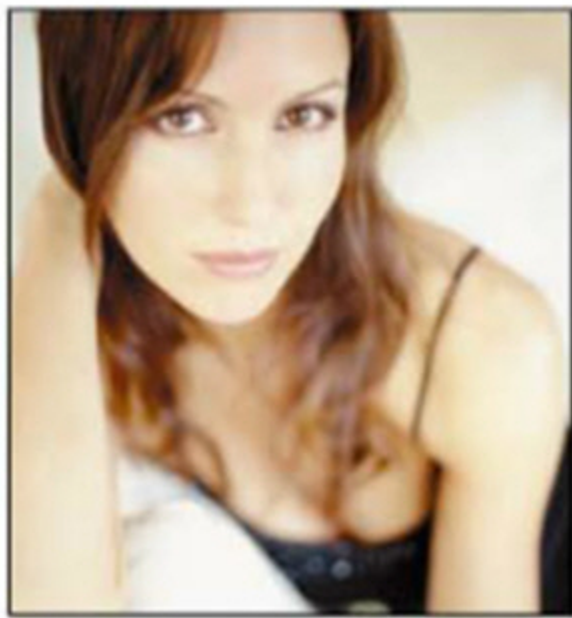
I'm older now and I understand the consequences of my actions. I don't want to hurt anybody and I don't like having enemies.

I can't even begin to imagine the sexual opportunities that must have been presented to you at Eddie's compound in New Jersey.

I got a lot of pussy. I had lots and lots of trickle-down pussy. It was great! It was free pussy with some of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my entire life! Imagine having sex with stunning models—no strings attached.

Just because you're Charlie Murphy.

Yep. I could pick whoever I wanted. Luckily, I was smart enough not to fall in love with any of them. 



Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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*See Reader's Note for details.



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Q: Dear Steffanie,

For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The verdict is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life ... repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the start and the feelings we shared together were totally mind-blowing.

And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

Finally, the other day, my curiosity took over. I had to know what brought about this drastic change. So, I asked him. To my shock, he handed me a tube of Maxoderm. I just couldn't believe this product Maxoderm was actually making him feel fuller, harder, and way more vigorous. I did a little research and was surprised by what I found.

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MAYFLOWER

Betcee May says she hails from "middle of nowhere," Minnesota, and loves getting naughty in the great outdoors. We're just glad she made it over the river, through the woods, and into the pages of *Penthouse*.

Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks





Before she started modeling, Betcee planned on becoming a chef. "Food can be so sexy. Nothing excites me more than making something tasty for people I love ...

well, *almost*
nothing! I
love to be
ravished out-
side, in
nature, in
unexpected
places.
Spontaneity
is also
very sexy.
My favorite
activities
are eat/sex/
sleep ... repeat."



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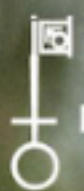




Betcee has traveled to Europe, and once bungee-jumped over a lake in the Thai jungle. "I was scared to death because the guys running it had never jumped! But I felt great that I did it anyway." See more of this passionate brunette at Penthouse.com/betcee.





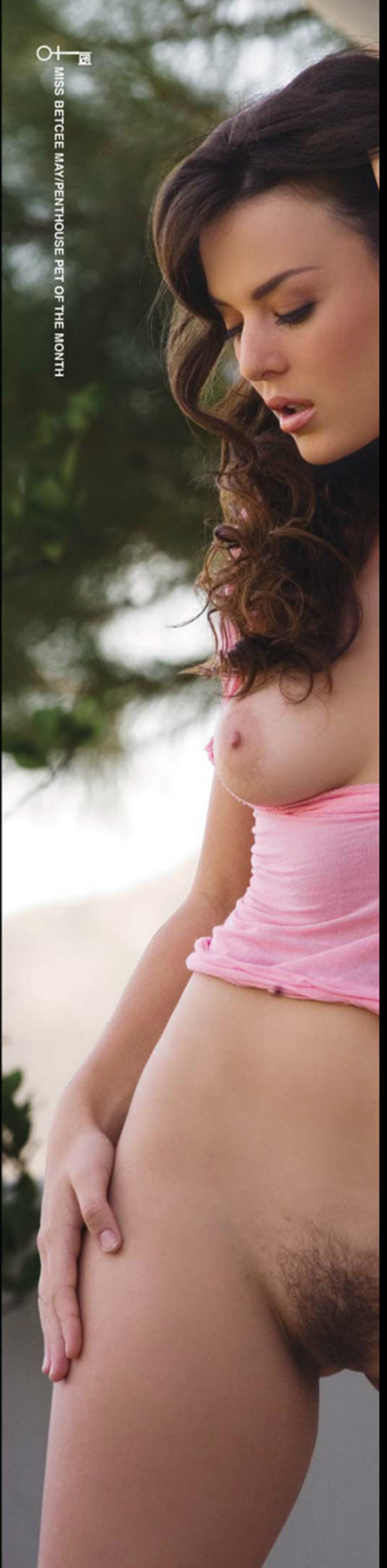


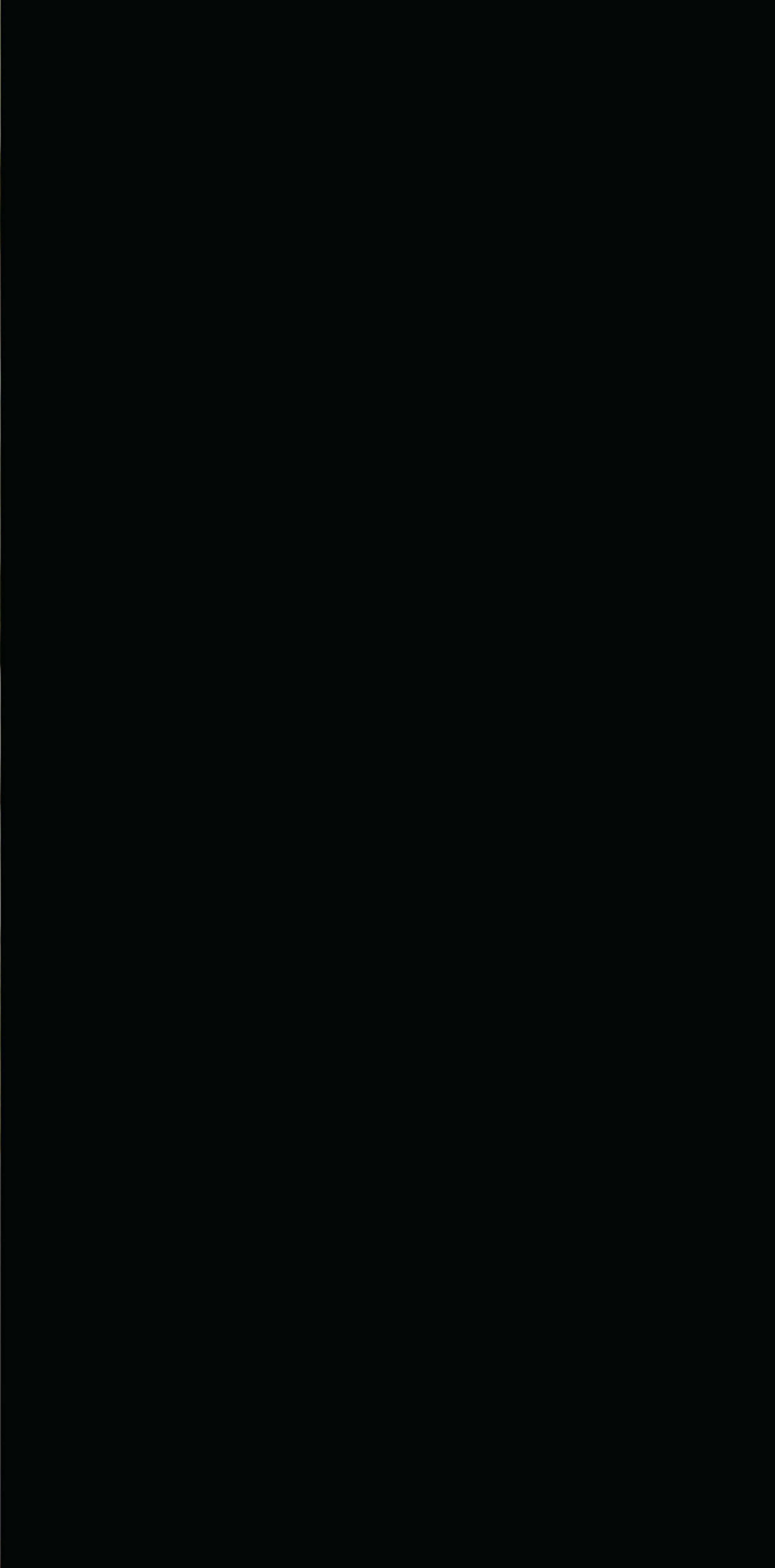
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Lay It Forward

Changing the way the world gets lucky ... one good deed at a time.

Remember the movie *Pay It Forward*, the one with the kid (Haley Joel Osment) whose social studies teacher (Kevin Spacey) challenges the class to come up with a plan to change the world? Well, Osment's character responds by bringing home a bum to let him bathe and eat, asking only that the bum perform three favors for other people in return. Well, that kid was onto something—and it's about bettering more than just society. His strategy can also be applied to improving sex—for everyone.

How so? Let's recast the scene with my friend Missy, a hot little tomato with a heart of gold, and say the homeless guy is Chip, a chap she met who had a place to live but lacked personality, hair, manners, and good looks. Being that Chip just kind of sucked, he never got laid, so his confidence level was lower than the boobs of a braless Kathy Bates. Feeling sorry for Chip, Missy befriended him, and then instead of offering him a place to shower and something to eat, she showered him with compliments and gobbled up his genitalia.

Now, she didn't do this because she was attracted to him. She did him out of the goodness of her heart because he was sex-needy. This seemingly small act boosted Chip's self-esteem, which helped him get more women in the sack, giving him more sexual experience, which in turn helped him get women off, which satisfied them and made them want to have more sex, which meant other guys got lucky more often.

And so on and so forth. With that single sexual favor, Missy created a domino effect of people getting some and getting off, and sent an erotically charged ripple effect throughout the population. It's a philanthropic phenomenon I call "laying it forward." And it's a movement that can make the world a better (and more satisfied) place.

You don't have to fuck an undesirable like Chip in order to lay it forward. As with most philanthropic acts, charity sex can be the result of many different emotions or events that drive someone to give without

"Despite **how selfless you are** in bed, and **how many orgasms** you've given and not received, **remember**, it'll all come back to you."

receiving. While Missy put out because she empathized with and pitied Chip, others are guilted into it—in that way those commercials with the impoverished children get you—by making you feel bad for having more than the less fortunate.

My married friend Steven is one of those privileged peeps who has been blessed with a rich, satisfying sex life, thanks to his fervent wife Kara, who will do just about anything to please her man. At his request, Kara's tried threesomes, S&M, and basically any kinky suggestion that comes out of Steven's mouth.

Steven was always under the impression that Kara was as turned on by the sex they were having as he was. After all, she had orgasms—some-

times multiple—every time. But one night Kara didn't come, and she came clean instead. She'd been faking it all along.

In her effort to please him, she wanted him to *think* he was pleasing her. Steven was crushed, and began mentally tallying their orgasms throughout their relationship. Him, 1,439; her, zilch. That revelation made Steven feel awful, greedy, and ashamed that he didn't know how to make his wife come. With Kara as the distended-belly orphan to Steven's super-sizing American, he was now prepared to give, give, give, so she told him exactly what she liked (cunnilingus, missionary position), and for the first time, precisely *how* she liked it. That night, Steven focused

entirely on pleasing her, and lo and behold, she had a real orgasm! And another. And then another.

Despite how selfless you are in bed, and how many orgasms you've given and not received, remember that in the end, it'll all come back to you. "That's karma for you," as NBC's Earl would say.

So on certain mornings, when I wake up my boyfriend with a hummer and breakfast in bed, I don't expect him to return the sexual favor because I know that it won't be long before I get mine—probably in the form of multiple orgasms. It's better to give than to receive, of course, but it *feels* better to give and, later, to get back. Now if I could just figure out how to write off blowjobs on my taxes....





The Goose That Cooks

Moto Guzzi takes tradition, technology, and attitude and builds a brutally charismatic street icon.

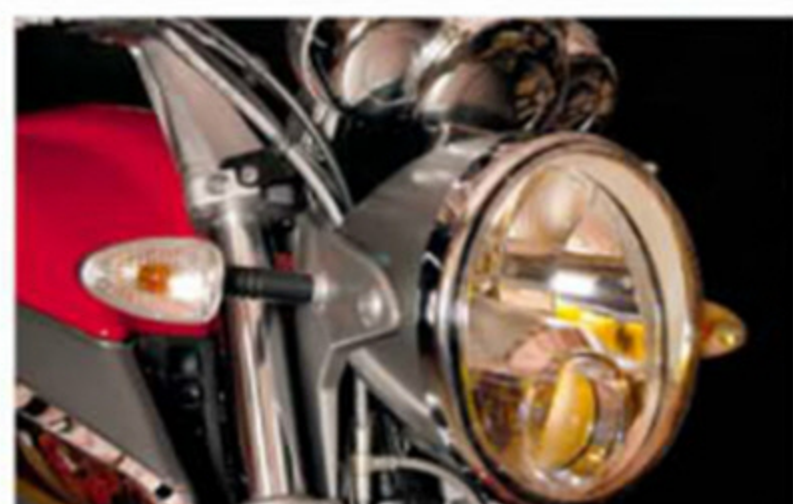
Moto Guzzi gets naked with the Breda V 1100, proudly displaying its massive air-cooled cylinders and a beautifully sculpted shaft drive.

Unlike so many cars these days, motorcycles still express their individualism with gusto. The Italian firm Moto Guzzi has been building unique rides since the silent-film era, and for the twenty-first century, it has managed to update its classic design philosophy to create the brawny Breda V 1100, affectionately known as "the Goose." Guzzi's signature engine is a massive, air-cooled V-twin (also called the Flying V) mounted transversely across the frame, where it pokes

its big cylinders into the breeze, like a wingless biplane. You may feel like kicking away the wheel chocks and shouting "Clear!" when you hit the starter, but the Red Baron theme mostly disappears in a blast of twenty-first-century performance on the road.

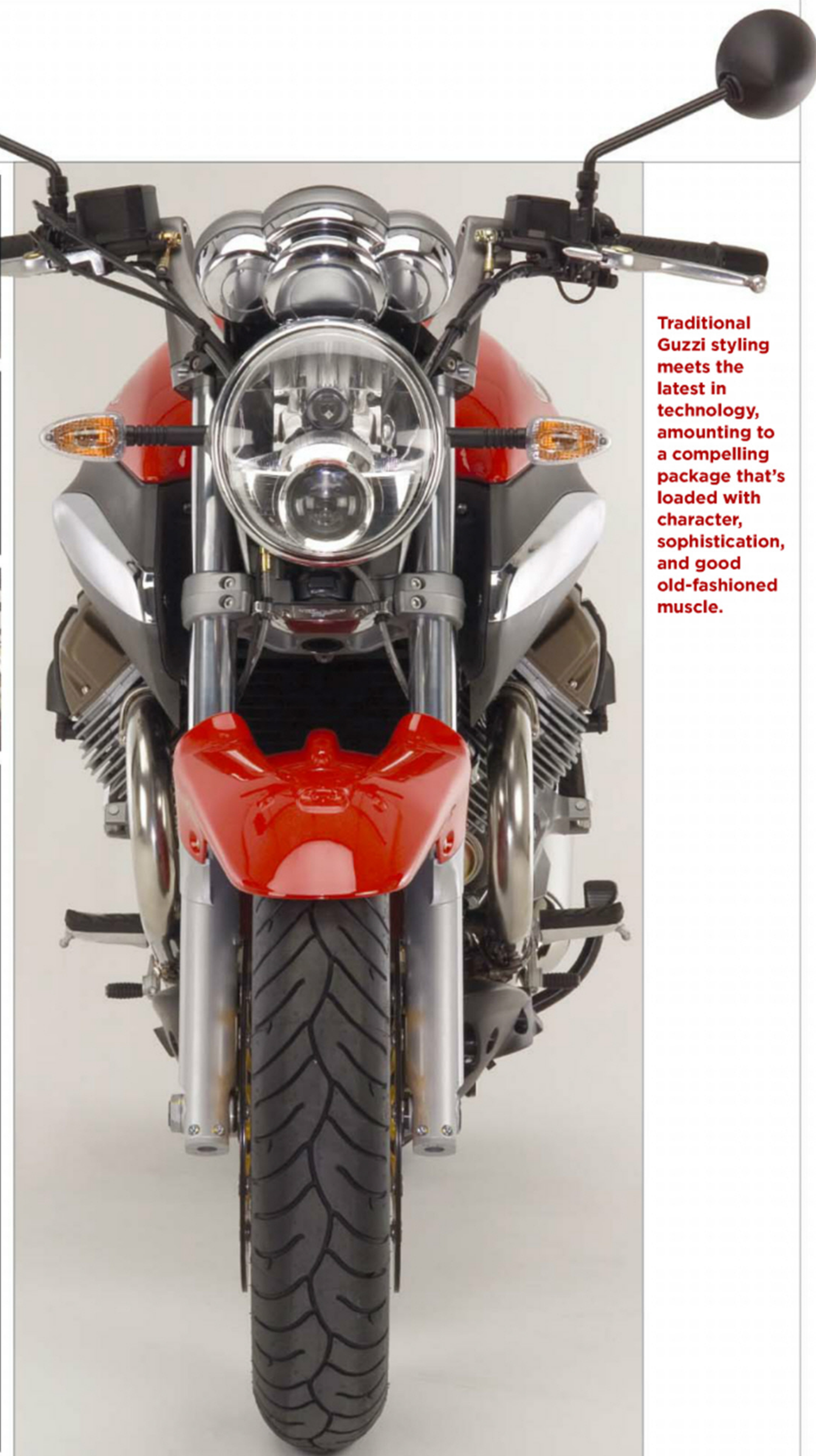
Sophisticated fuel injection yields smooth power delivery at all rpm, and its abundant, rumbling torque launches the Breda out of corners with impressive muscle. Excellent suspension components, potent brakes, and

truck-like stability make the Goose a joy to thunder on through the countryside. Broad, flat bars make the big bike surprisingly agile in urban mazes, and the upright riding position likewise works well as you prowl your favorite cityscape. To top things off, a NASA-worthy trip computer tells you everything from fuel range to battery voltage, balancing out an enormous headlight that looks as if it's been pirated from a vintage lighthouse. **OT**



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type:	Air-cooled, 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke:	92 mm x 80 mm
Displacement:	1,064 cc
Fuel system:	Weber-Marelli fuel injection
Ignition:	Digital electronic, twin-spark
Transmission:	Six speed
Front suspension:	45-mm conventional forks, preload adjustable
Rear suspension:	Single shock, preload and rebound adjustable
Front brakes:	Dual 320-mm discs
Rear brake:	Single 282-mm disc
Front tire:	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire:	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank:	6.1 gallons
Wheelbase:	58.86 inches
Seat height:	31.5 inches
Dry weight:	509 pounds
MSRP:	\$12,490



Traditional Guzzi styling meets the latest in technology, amounting to a compelling package that's loaded with character, sophistication, and good old-fashioned muscle.



Lotus Blossoms

This tiny British supercar will give Porsches and Corvettes all the trouble they can handle on the street—and blow them off the track.

Three years ago, Lotus rumbled back to life in the United States and thrilled sports-car freaks by introducing the Elise roadster, a tiny two-seater with big-time performance at a pickup-truck price. Now, the old-line British company has followed up with the Exige S, the quickest Lotus ever built and one of the most exhilarating cars on the market today.

Lotus is famous for its light weight, low stance, and extremely high handling limits, and on these measures the Exige S actually raises the bar a few notches. It's powered by a supercharged 220-horsepower 1.8-liter Toyota four-cylinder—an increase of 16 percent horsepower and 20 percent torque over the Elise's engine.



Track Package

A complete racing package for weekend racers—including ten-position, one-way adjustable shocks, adjustable spring platforms, a front anti-sway bar, and a harness bar behind the seats for competition seatbelts—is an additional \$2,495.



The extra power adds up to outstanding performance: zero to 60 miles per hour in 4.1 seconds, zero to 100 miles per hour in 11 seconds, and a quarter-mile time around 13 seconds. The rear-mounted engine will scream up to 8,500 revs per minute for short bursts, and the clutch and shifter are perfectly matched for lightning-quick shifting on the road.

We learned firsthand that the Exige S has no performance anxiety when speeding along Nevada's mountain roads or tackling the 13-turn Las Vegas Motor Speedway. This car is not for passive drivers: You can hear every beat of the engine from the cozy, no-frills cockpit, and feel every nuance of the road surface. Steering is

light and laser-precise, and the brakes are massive for a car this size. You'll be tempted, like we were, to wait until the last possible second to stab the pedal, then cut corners without drama. It may have a stereo, air bags, and ABS, but the Exige S has all the heart and attitude of a race car.

Limited-production cars (Lotus expects to make 300 to 400 of these units per year) tend to be expensive, and the Exige S, at \$56,990, is no exception. That base price veers into the same price and performance territory as the Corvette roadster and Porsche Cayman S—both of which have more creature comforts and luggage space, but lack the track-worthy reactions of the razor-sharp Exige S. **OT**

LOTUS EXIGE S

Specifications

Body style:	Two-passenger, two-door coupe
Engine:	1.8-liter I-4, DOHC 16-valve, supercharged, electronic fuel injection
Power:	220 horsepower
Torque:	165 foot-pounds
Transmission:	Six-speed manual
Front suspension:	Independent, upper and lower wishbone
Rear suspension:	Independent, upper and lower wishbone
Wheelbase:	90.5 inches
Tires:	185/50 R16 front 225/45 R17 rear
Curb weight:	2,077 pounds

Performance

0-60 mph:	4.1 seconds
Top speed:	148 mph (governed)
Fuel economy:	23 mpg city, 29 mpg highway
Base price:	\$56,990

Zack and Addie were Katrina's most hopeful love story—two plucky partyers who rode out the storm in the French Quarter, tossing back drinks and making love in the empty street. They were, at least, until Addie's head was found in an oven and Zack had thrown himself off the roof of the Omni Royal Orleans hotel. Ethan Brown uncovers the story of two turbulent souls who survived Katrina but couldn't survive each other.

By Ethan Brown

Illustration by Brad Holland

Troubled

Wasn't



Leo Watermeier couldn't bring himself to open his front door. It was just after 10 P.M. on October 16 and Watermeier stood outside one of the buildings he owns on New Orleans' North Rampart Street, stalling. A few minutes earlier, the police had delivered the disturbing news that Watermeier's 28-year-old tenant, Zackery Bowen, had jumped off the roof of the Omni Royal Orleans hotel. More disturbing, he had left a suicide note directing cops to the apartment, saying police would find the dismembered body of his girlfriend, Adriane "Addie" Hall.

"I got the keys, opened the door, and stood at the steps inside," Watermeier says. "But I didn't want to go upstairs."

It would be hard to blame him. When the New Orleans police burst into the apartment, they found Hall's charred head on the stove. Her hands and feet were in pots of water on the range, and her limbs had been baked. What remained of Hall's body was packed in black garbage bags in the refrigerator. This gruesome crime scene had been moldering for nearly two weeks; in his suicide note, Bowen confessed that he had killed his girlfriend on October 5.

News of Addie Hall and Zackery Bowen's deaths spread rapidly through the French Quarter, whose close-knit residents were even more bound together because so few remained post-Katrina. The Louisiana Recovery Authority recently estimated that the city's population, which was half a million in 2000, now stands at 190,000.

Just about everybody in the French Quarter, and many outside New Orleans, knew Hall and Bowen. Because they'd ridden out the storm together, the couple had become a national symbol of the city's seemingly indomitable spirit. In the days following the hurricane, Hall and Bowen were profiled everywhere—from the *New York Times* (on the front page, no less) to Alabama's *Mobile Press-Register*—described as strange survivalists who endured the storm's aftermath by fashioning paper plates into fly-swatters and using felled tree limbs as kindling for campfires. The *New York Times* recounted Hall's habit of "flash[ing] her breasts at the police vehicles that passed by, ensuring a regular flow of traffic."

It was Katrina that brought the two together. The couple met just a few days before the storm at a bar where Hall worked, and they'd fallen so quickly in love that Bowen moved into Hall's French Quarter apartment when Katrina bore down on them. As the storm battered the city, their troubled pasts seemed to dissolve. Cities like New Orleans attract outcasts and transients looking to reinvent themselves, but the pasts Hall and Bowen were running from were particularly dark. Hall, who was from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, confided in friends that

she had been sexually abused as a child, while Bowen was haunted by his U.S. Army service in Kosovo, Afghanistan, and Iraq. The aftermath of Katrina—mass power outages, eerily abandoned streets, and a silence that seemed to permeate the entire city—had a soothing effect on the couple. But neither of them could escape their histories, and the story of how Hurricane Katrina's most celebrated couple became one of New Orleans' most horrifying murders is not the story of a storm, but of the deep and persistent emotional scars that re-emerged in its wake.

Wish this love for every human being on the planet," Addie gushed to their party

meet. When she wasn't serving drinks at the Spotted Cat, a beloved dive bar in the nearby Fauborg-Marigny neighborhood, she was a dancer, seamstress, and poet. Bowen, a Los Angeles native, was a drummer who was obsessed with the prog-metal of bands like Tool. Though Bowen was big and burly, he had a strong romantic streak: He married his first wife, Lana, in 2000 at St. Louis Cathedral in New Orleans' historic Jackson Square; and he would often fete female friends with raw oysters at the city's classic seafood joint, Cooter Brown's Tavern and Oyster Bar.

Hall and Bowen shared a near-religious devotion to the dark barroom blues of singer-songwriter Ray LaMontagne,

Zack and Addie enjoy the empty streets of New Orleans by candlelight.



"They regaled friends with stories of how they rode out the storm together, cooking meals over an open fire and making love in the middle of Governor Nicholls Street."

guests. It was just weeks after Katrina slammed the Gulf Coast, and Hall and Bowen were hosting a barbecue in the courtyard of Hall's apartment at 1012 Governor Nicholls Street. Bowen had just moved in with Hall and the couple was regaling friends with stories of how they rode out the storm together: cooking meals over an open fire; drinking cocktails served on ice that Bowen had stashed from his job delivering groceries for Matassa's Market; making love at night in the middle of Governor Nicholls Street. "We've been able to see the stars for the first time," Hall told the *Mobile Press-Register*. "Before, this was a 24-hour lit city. Now, it's peaceful."

Hall and Bowen seemed destined to

falling in love to his debut *Trouble* amid Katrina's high winds. The lyrics to the title track—"Feels like every time I get back on my feet / she come around and knock me down again / Well I've been saved by a woman"—seemed tailor-made for their redemptive relationship.

When mutual friend Capricho DeVellas had a storm-related breakdown, he stayed at the couple's apartment. "They brought me back from wherever I was," remembers DeVellas, a 28-year-old graphic artist and, like Bowen, a deliveryman at Matassa's. "I called it 'the Zack and Addie Spa.'" When the waters receded, the dream-like feel of the city went with them. Residents were forced to deal with insurance claims, flooded

Photograph by Jim Wilson/The New York Times/Redux



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homes, and, ultimately, a difficult decision about whether to remain in the city.

A different reality was intruding on Hall and Bowen. Bowen began bringing his two children to their Governor Nicholls apartment, which angered Hall. Adding to the tension was the fact that he was separated from—but had not divorced—their mother. “She wanted him to be a creation only for her,” DeVellas says of Hall. “It was the same with him: He fell in love with the goddess of the French Quarter. But that was not reality—and reality started forcing its way in.”

Hall was a heavy drinker who became abusive when drunk, often putting Bowen in her crosshairs. She’d deliver withering insults or tell him to stay away from the Spotted Cat. “Don’t bother coming,” she’d snarl. “I don’t want to be the last-ditch stop on your free-drink escapade.” Bowen, meanwhile, seemed unable to come to grips with his tours of duty, which ended in December 2004. His mood would lurch from gregarious to brooding, during which he would literally grunt responses to questions. Though a few of Bowen’s friends have claimed that he confessed to wartime atrocities, DeVellas says that Bowen was simply disillusioned when the ideological foundations for the Iraq war crumbled. “Zack might have been able to reconcile what he was doing,” DeVellas says, “but when you send a man to war and you find out the actual reasons are not what your leaders said they were, it makes it 100 times worse.”

As New Orleans slowly began to rebuild itself, Hall and Bowen’s relationship began to drown in booze and chaos. The couple took to playing a card game called suicide kings, which requires an entire pitcher of beer to be consumed whenever a king is pulled. While the game sometimes yielded inspired conversation, it induced as many epic fights. After playing a few rounds one night Hall ran off, and when Bowen caught up with her early that morning, they returned to the Governor Nicholls apartment for a major brawl. “Something torrential happened,” DeVellas says. “She had a scrape on her elbow and she didn’t know where it came from—all she could remember is that she slapped him and possibly pushed him away.”

Shaken by the incident, Bowen declared that he’d had enough of Hall’s behavior and hopped a train to Seattle to stay with relatives, but he was so miserable without her that he couldn’t resist telling fellow passengers about his French Quarter goddess. Hall wasn’t taking the breakup much better; she holed up in her apartment and refused to see anyone but DeVellas, who was on what he calls “suicide watch.”

In spring 2006, Bowen returned to New Orleans for a blissful reunion—the couple didn’t leave their apartment for

three days—but their strong passion for each other was matched by their fury. To friends, Hall and Bowen seemed to exist in an insane orbit of vicious fights and tearful reconciliations. There were marathon drinking and drug sprees, and vicious fights. After one clash, Bowen told Inez Quintanilla, a French Quarter bartender, that “women are bloodsuckers and money whores.” When Quintanilla responded, “Dude, you got issues,” Bowen shot back, “We all got issues. If you been through what I been through, maybe you would feel the same way.”

The end of summer 2006 was a particularly turbulent time, even by Hall

into Leo Watermeier’s 826 North Rampart Street. Because they had enough cash for the first month’s rent and a one-month deposit—a rarity in the post-Katrina city—Watermeier handed over the keys without a lease.

On the morning of October 4, however, Hall came to Watermeier’s office and demanded a six-month lease, so Watermeier hastily prepared a document on a piece of yellow legal paper. “Five minutes later, I get a phone call from Zack,” Watermeier recalls. “He says, ‘Did you just sign a six-month lease with Addie?’ I said, ‘Yeah.’ He said, ‘Oh man, I’m screwed. She’s kicking me out and the lease is in her name.’ I said, ‘Well, I



Addie and Zack mix some post-Katrina cocktails with fellow survivor Jim Gibeault outside Addie’s French Quarter apartment.

“Sunday night I sawed off the rest of the legs and arms and put them in roasting pans, stuck them in the oven, and passed out.”

and Bowen’s standards. In August, Hall was arrested for pulling a gun on a man in the French Quarter. A month or so later, Bowen was cuffed when police responded to complaints about his pounding on Hall’s apartment door and found a bag of his marijuana. By Labor Day, the two were living apart. Bowen got a job tending bar at a French Quarter bar called Buffa’s and moved into the Empress, a cheap hotel on a seedy block. He and Hall would seemingly get back together every few days, with Bowen carting his belongings to Addie’s Governor Nicholls Street apartment in his delivery bike’s basket. “I offered to let Zack move in with me,” says Rhonda Steff, a bartender at Buffa’s, “but he refused. I think they both enjoyed the drama.” In the midst of one of those reconciliations, the couple moved

thought it was for the two of you. Don’t get mad at me.’ Then he hung up.”

Watermeier rushed over to 826 North Rampart and found the couple arguing in the doorway. “She said, ‘I caught him cheating on me!’” Watermeier recalls. He was surprised to hear tenants reveal such personal details and Hall, sensing his discomfort, tried to convince the landlord that she wouldn’t be causing any more trouble. “I’m gonna look after your place,” she promised Watermeier. “I’m gonna be a good tenant.” But as Watermeier settled in for the night, Hall and Bowen’s fighting raged on.

In his suicide note, Bowen described in measured detail what happened next: *She had stolen this apartment (ask Leo Watermeier. He’ll explain that one), tried to kick me out, then would not shut the*

Photograph by Jim Wilson/The New York Times/Redux

fuck up so I very calmly strangled her. It was very quick. Then after sexually defiling the body a few times I was posed with the question of how to dispose of the corpse.

Bowen passed out in a drunken stupor, waking in time for work at Matassa's, where he encountered DeVellas. "Zack was unshaven and quiet and smoking a cigarette," DeVellas remembers. "So I said, 'What happened?' He looks at me and goes, 'Me and Addie split, man. We had a real falling-out. She packed her bags, took some of my money, and went to North Carolina.'" Later that day, DeVellas says he wondered if Bowen had killed Hall, but dismissed the idea be-

hours later turned off the stove, filled the tub with water and passed out.

Eventually, he finished taking apart the body: Sunday night I sawed off the rest of the legs and arms and put them in roasting pans, stuck them in the oven, and passed out. I came to seven hours later with an awful smell emanating [sic] from the kitchen. I turned off the oven and went to work Monday. This would be the last day I'd work.

Arriving home that night, Bowen found himself overcome with horror and self-hatred. To blot out what he had done, he plunged into an oblivion of drinking and drugs, guzzling bottles of Jameson's, snorting thick rails of cocaine, throwing

last time I saw her: 'I'm not who everybody thinks I am.' "

At a housewarming party DeVellas threw three nights later, Bowen kept the party rolling, bartending and slinging drinks until sunrise. When the last guest went home, he sat with DeVellas in the living room and listened to Ray LaMontagne's *Trouble*—the album that he and Addie had loved, the music that had carried them through the harrowing storm. At 6:30 A.M., Bowen got up from the couch, shook DeVellas's hand, and said, "I'm going on vacation, see you later." Then Bowen walked to the Omni Royal Orleans hotel on St. Louis Street, rode the elevator to the eighth floor, had a few drinks at the rooftop bar, and leaped off the side. The hotel's security cameras caught Bowen rehearsing the jump, but on his final run there seemed to be little hesitation. Indeed, Bowen's friends say he probably planned meticulously for his suicide, citing the note in his pocket and his choice of the Omni Royal's roof, which has a panoramic view of St. Louis Cathedral in Jackson Square—where Bowen was married in 2000.

New Orleans has always attracted a particularly hardy type of bohemian who refuses to be bowed by the city's challenges, from its high crime rate to its hellishly hot weather. But since Katrina, New Orleans seems overwhelmed by scars, both physical and emotional. Even in the mostly unscathed French Quarter, piles of debris remain. On one street, someone stacked refuse into a truck and placed a sign on it reading NAGIN'S LIMO—a jab at New Orleans mayor Ray Nagin. That bitter humor is detectable elsewhere—on Bourbon Street there are T-shirts for sale featuring fuck-you rants to Allstate Insurance Company and FEMA—but it's often subsumed by a near-tangible fear that the city might never come back.

The feel of a city in transition is only magnified by the transience of its populace; nearly one-third of the city's residents will never come back. Only the strongest of souls seem willing to weather such persistent despair.

In November, Zack and Addie's belongings—the red delivery bike, the dolly he used to cart his possessions back and forth, their toaster oven and coffee machine—sat unclaimed in the leafy courtyard of their North Rampart Street apartment. And like the other debris gathered along the street, and the spirit of the city itself, it seemed no one was coming to pick them up. **OT**

Ethan Brown has written for *Wired*, *Vibe*, *GQ*, *Rolling Stone*, and others. He is the author of *Queens Reigns Supreme: Fat Cat, 50 Cent, and the Rise of the Hip-Hop Hustler*.



The "goddess of the French Quarter" sits on the stoop of their apartment.

cause it was "not something you can even comprehend a friend doing."

When Bowen returned to North Rampart Street just after 9 P.M. that night, he began dismembering Hall's corpse: I came home, moved the body to the tub, got a saw and hacked off her feet, hands and head, he wrote. Put her head in the oven (after giving it an awful haircut) put her hands and feet in the water on the range. Then I got drunk(er) and some

down hundreds of dollars for lap dances, and disappearing for two days. When he emerged, he and DeVellas took a cab down to the French Quarter, where Bowen bought DeVellas drinks and lap dances with a stripper dressed as a police-woman. "He was back to being old Zack—happy-go-lucky, smiling, having a great time," DeVellas remembers. "But then he said something that mirrored exactly what Addie had said about him the



The Withdrawal Method

One former infantryman weighs in on whether to “stay the course” or cut our losses and pull out.

When I was in Iraq, I never thought about whether or not I was doing something worthwhile. Being a heavy-weapons machine gunner in a combat zone was a dream come true. I considered my time in the Middle East an adventure, as well as a job I was getting paid to do. There was more important shit than politics to worry about—like survival. I figured if I made it back, I'd have the rest of my life to think about politics if I wanted to.

I remember standing in a port-a-shitter in Kuwait in 2003, taking a piss and reading some of the graffiti on the wall: “Make a smart vote, vote to go home. Vote for Kerry.” There were responses that read, “We're committed to Iraq no matter who you vote for, dumbass!” “It doesn't matter who you vote for, you're screwed anyways. Hooah!” and “Wow, you guys R gay! I can't believe you think about Bush and Kerry while holding onto your dicks!”

I didn't even vote in that election. Once I completed my tour and I was discharged, the only news I found interesting concerned the war in Iraq and Afghanistan. But after being in Iraq and then seeing how the media reported the war (or *didn't* report the war), it was almost impossible to figure out what the hell was really going on there.

But after last year's election and Donald Rumsfeld's resignation, I e-mailed an Army friend who's currently stationed in Kuwait to find out what he and the other guys over there thought. He replied:

Haven't talked to many guys, but those I have seen this mornin' have all been pretty excited about his resignation.... With the Dems in control now, something will be forthcoming with this mess. “Winds of Change” by the Scorpions keeps running thru my head.

Then I e-mailed another friend of mine in Afghanistan and asked him for his thoughts on the possibility of the troops coming home.

When I go out on missions, I'm out for months at a time. No showers, only MRE's [Meal, Ready to Eat], fear of running out of water and food, missed airdrops, getting shitty everything. Fuck—there is so much other shit to worry about than politics. Shit, six-hour-long firefights, dropping four JDAMs [two-ton bombs] on them, and they still keep shooting at us. I get hit pretty hard every two weeks. The last group of guys told me that they got hit for three days straight. It's like this Navy guy told me, "If anyone ever comes up to me and says I'm 'so lucky [to be in] Afghanistan instead of Iraq'—I'm gonna punch them in the fucking mouth!"

When my friend did hear any talk about politics, the general feeling was that no one really cared.

The only thing you care about is when are we gonna eat, when am I gonna go home, and when can I go to bed. I swear, that's your life. Anything outside of that is just added stress. The troops don't care, the people back home don't care, and I sure as fuck just don't give a damn. Politics back home is for the people back home to feel better about themselves.

I never really understood why we were doing a job that Iraqis should and could be doing themselves. As long as we have a military presence in Iraq, there's no incentive for the Iraqi people to fight for

their country and against the insurgency. Why should they risk getting killed if they know we'll do the fighting and dying for them? But some feel like this soldier:

I had friends who died here and I don't want them to have died for nothing, so we should win the war and finish the job here.

Sure, but for that to happen, more soldiers will probably get killed, and we'll probably be

there forever. But with Bush saying things like, "There's one thing I'm not going to do—I'm not going to pull our troops off the battlefield before the mission is complete," and, "We can accept nothing less than victory for our children and grandchildren," it seems certain that additional troops will be sent to Iraq.

Will all hell break loose if we pull out? Probably. But that's what happens when you do a half-assed job executing a war.

We currently have 150,000 troops in Iraq, and it's been reported that an estimated 20,000 more will be heading there shortly. This is a far cry from the 500,000 troops that went into Kuwait for Desert Storm, but that skirmish only lasted a few days. This one's lasted four years. How much longer must it go on? 

Buzzell is the author of My War: Killing Time in Iraq (Penguin Group, USA), and a frequent contributor to Esquire.

“There’s no incentive for the Iraqi people to fight against insurgency. Why should they, if they know we’ll do the fighting and dying for them?”



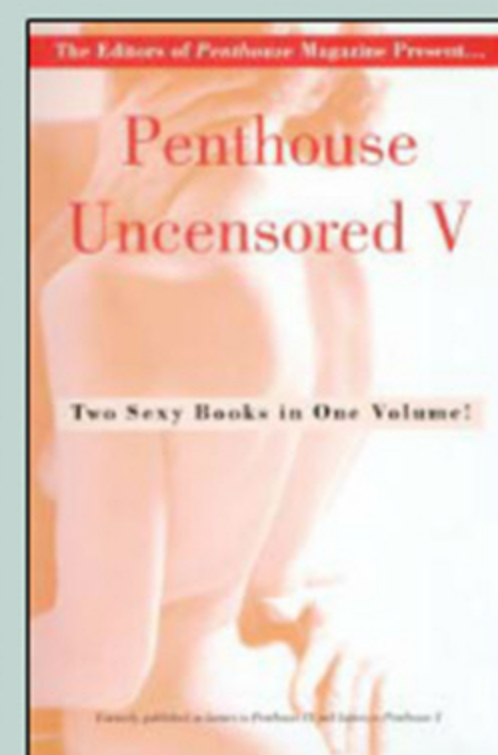
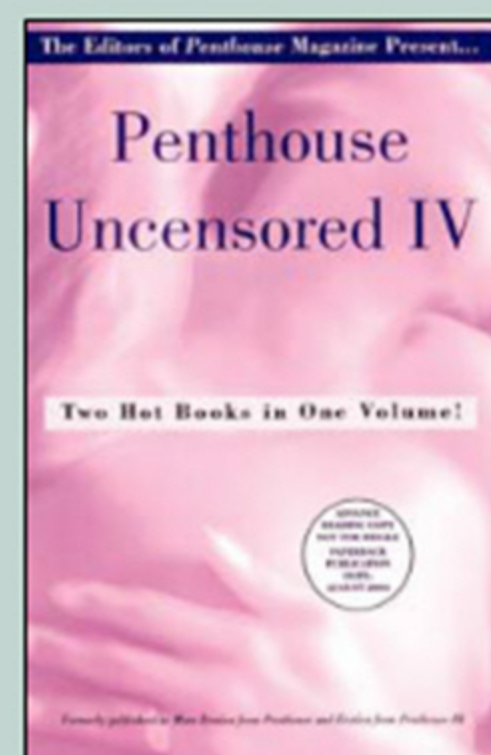
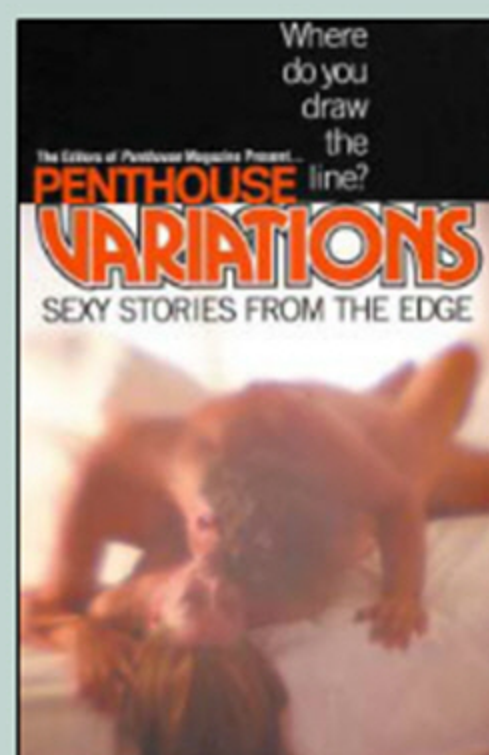
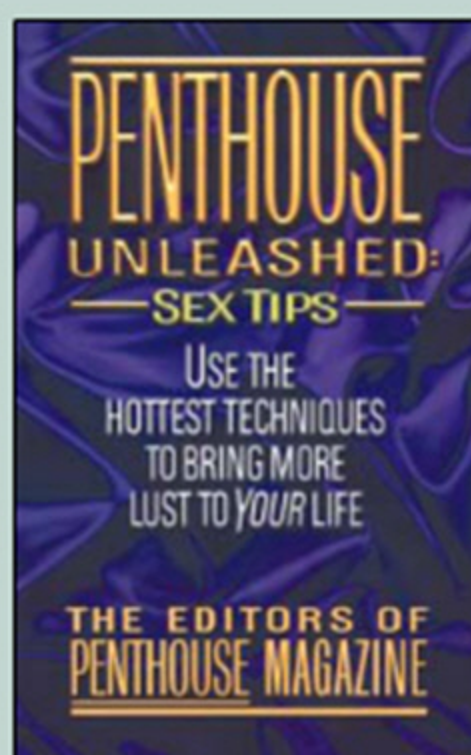
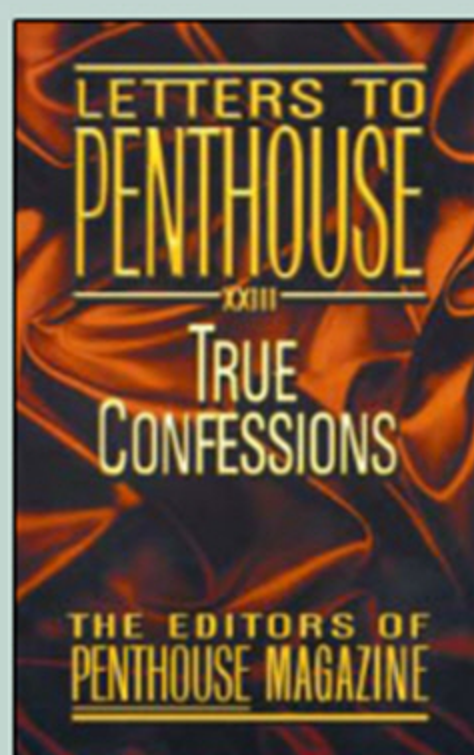
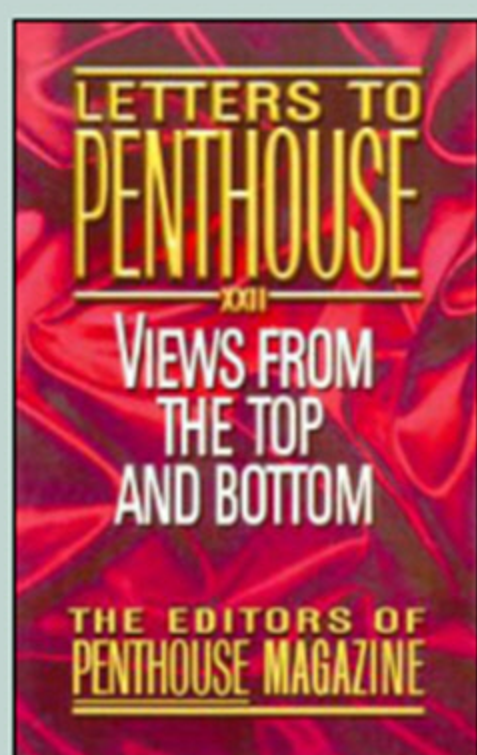
CALLING ALL WARRIORS: Since 1974, *Penthouse* has supported U.S. veterans and service personnel. In keeping with that tradition, we are looking for a few good stories and pictures from our men and women currently serving overseas. Tell us how you feel about your mission, your fellow soldiers, and the people you miss back home. We want to hear about the jokes you tell and the music you listen to. If you have a story or an opinion to share, drop us a note at warriorwire@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121 and you might read your words or even see your photo in an upcoming issue of *Penthouse*. Names will be withheld upon request. We may also withhold the writer's name at our discretion, and we reserve the right to edit submissions for space, style, and legal reasons.



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HARD NEWS

MARCH 2007

Flesh on Canvas

Artist John Currin on painting penises, porn, and when *Penthouse* blew his mind.

By L. Christopher Smith

New York painter John Currin first attracted national attention in the early nineties with a collection of strange, campy portraits that frequently featured women with comically inflated breasts. A series of controversial gallery shows followed, along with

a mid-career retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art. This winter, Currin's porn fixation was on vivid display at the Gagosian Gallery in New York, with a handful of paintings (some of which sold for seven figures) depicting threesomes and

spread-eagled women. "You can either make peace with your fascination with porn or avoid it," says Currin. "I'm drawn to it because it's one of the things the West does really well."

Growing up, were you a big fan of porn?

When I was a kid, my dad didn't have any girlie magazines around, so I never saw any until I went to college. I remember the first time I saw *Penthouse*—it was mind-blowing. It featured these really explicit images done in an artistic way. By comparison, the centerfolds in *Playboy* always reminded me of food still-life photography. The woman could have been a cooked turkey.

Some of the paintings are based on Danish porn from the seventies. Where did you find that stuff?

Most of them were taken from movie stills I found on the Internet. I liked them because they evoked Europe and this dying world of libertine socialism. Otherwise they looked pretty silly. They were flat and lit from every angle. The women had bad hair. It makes for an ugly picture, but for me, that makes it a better picture, because it frees me up to add stuff.

One of the things you added were unusually exaggerated penises.

At first I was really embarrassed to paint them. Some friends saw some early versions of the paintings and they all said, "What's going on with the penis? It looks like a cardboard tube!" So I went in the opposite

direction and I made them gruesomely detailed, like a knobby tree trunk. And the testicles are kind of like balloons.

Why are men the most humorous aspect of the paintings?

I kind of made them the fools because it's just a bummer to see men in porn.

Did you mean to shock people with this show?

It's such a bad idea to shock people with sex. Plenty of artists have done way more explicit stuff. In a gallery, you kind of expect to see something like this, because it's the one place where you aren't censored. Now, seeing Janet Jack-



son's tittie during the Super Bowl, that was shocking, because no one expected to see that.

13%

the percentage of women who, in a recent study, tested positive for human seminal plasma hypersensitivity—in other words, they are allergic to their partner's semen. Symptoms include rashes, hives, nausea, and swelling in the genital area. The study didn't mention what happens if you get it in her eye.



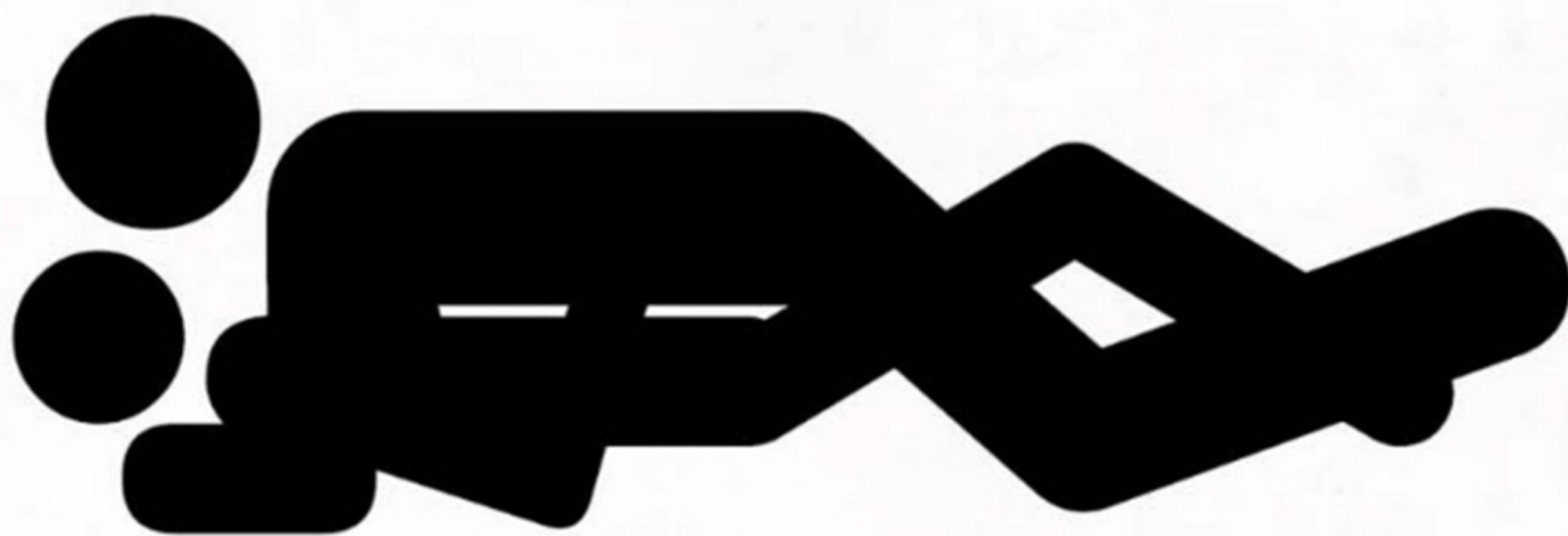
“I’m a little sexually frustrated right now, so if you tell yourself what you’re gonna dream about, then you can have a really great night.”

—Jessica Simpson

Safe Sex Circa 1640

Living in the swinging seventeenth century wasn't easy. At every turn there was something out to get you—the plague, witch hunters, the clap—but at least beleaguered citizens could find relief from one of their foes. Recently, Austria's Tirolean County Museum displayed the oldest surviving condoms. The prophylactics date back to 1640 and were constructed from sheep and pig intestines. The artifacts were found in a sinkhole at England's Dudley Castle.

Also from the annals of safe sex: A condom instruction manual from 1813, written in Latin, directs “those who intend to have intercourse” to “soften a thin membrane in milk” if one is to “fornicate with prostitutes.” All of this history makes us grateful that a pigskin is now just a football, and not ribbed for her pleasure.



Where did the term *missionary position* come from?

There is a lot of misinformation surrounding this term that suggests it stems from Christian missionaries instructing the “savages” on how to copulate properly. The term was coined by Alfred Kinsey, the godfather of modern sexology, when he misquoted anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski's *The Sexual Life of Savages in North-Western Melanesia*. In Kinsey's book *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, he wrote that Malinowski had discovered “the nearly universal use of a totally different [sexual] position among the Trobrianders in the Southwestern Pacific; and he notes that caricatures of the English-American position are performed around the communal campfires, to the great amusement of the natives who refer to the position as the ‘missionary position.’”

Too bad Kinsey got it wrong.

In the early twentieth century, colonists and missionaries were living among the indigenous people of Papua New Guinea. According to Malinowski's book, they used the term *misinari si bubunela* (“missionary fashion”) to describe Westerners' public displays of affection: kissing, hand-holding, etc., but *not* the sexual position.



News Flash

The *New York Times* claims to publish all the news that's fit to print, but every once in a while it publishes a photo that seems, well, like something we'd publish. And it's almost always in that hard-hitting A section. Perhaps it's intentional—after all, the newspaper biz has seen better days—and after reading pages and pages of disheartening global news, the best thing to lift our spirits is a sexy photo. On November 2, we spotted this image of a Lebanese woman participating in a “Who’s the Sexiest?” event at a Beirut bar while her hot friends flirted on the bar. Next week? Wet T-shirt contests—in Mogadishu, of course.



Shiny Naked People

Not so long ago, a trend known as *reflectoporn* emerged on online auction sites. The sites have since become wise to it and tried to prevent it from popping up, but exhibitionist sellers would slip images of their naked selves into otherwise innocuous photos of the wares they were putting on the auction block. For instance, a naked chick might appear in the reflection of a polished silver vase. Feel free to try reflectoporn at home with your girlfriend and a well-positioned toaster.



Take Off the Big Guns

All Israeli citizens must serve at least two years in the military—whether you're a baker or a beauty queen. But that didn't deter Yael Nezri, Miss Israel 2006, from seeking (and receiving) an exemption from carrying her assault weapon, on the grounds that it bruised her legs. The five-foot-seven stunner claimed that the bruises she sustained during basic training interfered with her modeling career. Well, duh. Wearing black and blue together is always a fashion faux pas.

Glossary: Feel the Rainbow

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Pop a few of your favorite flavors of Skittles into your lady's pussy, then plunge inside. If tasting the rainbow sounds appealing, let your tongue do the work. Just don't come complaining to us when she gets a yeast infection. Go to *Encyclopedia of Sex*, where we discovered the term.


PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVERY

2007 PET OF THE YEAR

As soon as we laid eyes on our January 2006 Pet of the Month, we knew everyone would fall for her as hard as we did. And we were right. Now Heather Vandeven is our 2007 Pet of the Year. And so we asked the sultry Jamie Lynn, our departing Pet of the Year, to interview Heather, and to give her the lowdown on the world's sexiest job. This was one girl-talk session we weren't going to miss.







Heather is excited to take
the reins as POY. "I'm looking
forward to meeting more
Penthouse readers, and, of
course, I can't wait to get to know
the new Pets over the next year,"
she told Jamie Lynn. "I think this
is going to be a great chance to
really broaden my horizons."

eternity







Jamie Lynn reminded

Heather to look after her fellow

Pets. "Being with the girls, I

learned to be a team player," she

said. Heather gushed over

Jamie Lynn's charm, saying, "You're

so incredible with people.

I hope I can fill those shoes."



"I love working on videos," Heather confided. "It's much more natural to me in some ways than doing a photo shoot. I feel like I have more of an opportunity to express my sensual side when I can move freely. And I was honored to shoot my Pet of the Year video, because I still can't believe I won!"







Heather and the other Pets will be expressing their sexy selves at *Penthouse* events all over the country this year, so Jamie Lynn offered some friendly advice: "Just have a good time. It's a party!" Heather agreed completely: "I've already done enough appearances as a Pet to know the fans are friendly and sweet. My favorite event was the *Penthouse* party on Super Bowl weekend. There were thousands of people, 30 girls, and Snoop Dogg performed. It was a big deal!"





"It's an awesome feeling to know that people love you and they put your picture on their wall,"
Jamie Lynn advised Heather. "You have so much to look forward to. This is the best job anybody could ask for!"

To see more of our new Queen, visit Penthouse.com/heather.



ARRRESTED DEVELOPMENT

Former *Daily Show* scene-stealer Rob Corddry strikes out on his own with *The Winner*, a sitcom about a man coming of age at 32.

Interview by J. Rentilly



Rob Corddry made a name for himself as a cocky, clueless correspondent on *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, honing his character's frat-boy sensibility to perfection from 2002 to 2006. By the end of his run, Corddry was the most popular correspondent on the show, with more screen time than any cast member save Stewart. According to Corddry's younger brother Nate, (himself a *Daily Show* regular from 2005 to 2006), Rob's comedic instincts derived "from our upbringing in suburban Massachusetts, where sarcasm is traded 12 months a year," he says. "You gotta be funny to get through those fucking winters."

Now, the elder Corddry is changing course: He's starring in a Fox sitcom called *The Winner*, set to debut on Fox this March, playing a 32-year-old man-child who attempts to grow up, move out of his parents' house, and win the affections of his childhood crush, who is—naturally—way out of his league.

While Corddry's *Daily Show* character was often described as a "common Masshole," his turn on *The Winner* showcases a sweeter side that's more in line with our impression of

him when we sat down to talk—the married new father seems like a genuinely good guy. "I believe Rob's the next big TV-sitcom star," says Seth MacFarlane, the creator of *Family Guy* and a producer of *The Winner*. "As an actor, he walks this great line—this tightrope of oblivious asshole-ness and genuine sweetness. You end up loving him, no matter what he says or does."

As we found out, Corddry says *a lot*.

Congratulations on *The Winner*. It's very funny.

Thanks. People definitely have a chip on their shoulders when it comes to sitcoms, but this one is actually funny. I think the show's great. *The Winner* feels like a sitcom, but it really breaks all the rules. And yet, it's still true to the form. It's crazy and really irreverent, but it's really sweet, too. Maybe it's a little unclassifiable—sort of like a black skateboarder.

The show is set in 1994 and has a lot of fun referencing headlines of the time: O. J. Simpson, Lorena Bobbitt, Bill Clinton. How much has changed since then?

Photograph by Michael Lavine/Fox



"I MAY NEVER HAVE A THREESOME. I THINK I JUST APPARENTLY, YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF COLLEGE

The world has changed in that our waists have gotten lower. Do you realize how high-waisted pants were back then? I've had some costume fittings where I've just been flabbergasted at nineties fashion. Like, there's no need to acid-wash anything. And the pockets on those shirts—they were impossibly huge. What were we carrying in those gargantuan pockets on our silk shirts?

What was 1994 like for you?

It was an amazing time. *Amazing*. I was

sounds pretty fancy.

[Laughs] The National Shakespeare Company sounds a lot more highbrow than it was. It was really six of us driving ourselves across the country in two vans, doing Shakespeare for disinterested junior-college audiences. There were only six of us playing, like, 15 roles, so we were always onstage. I remember having a moment almost every night, maybe I was being fed grapes by a concubine or something, and I'd think, *Wow, I've made it. I'm making \$300 a week*

art is. After I left the show, I put myself on a news fast, but I've been watching again a little. I've found a nice balance.

How did you make your decision to leave *The Daily Show* last summer? That was a big step to take.

It was very scary. Unless you're Stephen Colbert, you've really only got four years on a show like that before you just can't hang your soul up at the door and make fun of these poor Republicans in flyover states. It got to be a little much. I started

F.O.R.: FRIENDS OF ROB

Corddry's twisty career path is enough to make you wonder where the real Rob lies along the spectrum of alter egos he's assumed. Is he the Massachusetts frat boy, the serious thespian, or a harmless arrested-development case? To find out, we grilled his friends, colleagues, and younger brother.

"He has an embarrassingly small penis," says Ricky Blitt, creator and executive producer of *The Winner*.

"Rob shaves his asshole," says Seth MacFarlane, the maestro behind *Family Guy* and a producer of *The Winner*. "Not his ass. Just the hole."

"Drinker. Heavy, heavy drinker," says

Nate Corddry. "Enjoys his pornography 'young.' Began losing his hair at 20. Broke my arm when I was little. Fuckin' douchebag."

Finally, Nate responds to his brother's comment about which sibling is more talented: "He connects with audiences because he knows what they want. He learned that by doing 10,000 improv and sketch shows. And he's smart."

"As far as rivalry goes, none exists. He's too fat and married and boring to keep up with me. Have I mentioned that I'm younger, thinner, and have a significant amount of hair remaining on my head? It's not a big deal, but I drive an Audi. Whatever."

living on [New York's] Lower East Side, buying weed off the street, eating dumpings every night for dinner with 40-ounce Buds, working nine different jobs so I could do plays for free at night. Apart from the girl trouble—the ubiquitous girl trouble—I have only fond memories. It was just a great time.

Tell me about one of those nine jobs.

I was hired to be Dreadworthy, the wise-cracking butler, at a theme restaurant called Jekyll and Hyde. You know, I think that's where my career *really* started to take off.

What's a night in the life of that job?

Oh, God. You dress up in a morning suit and insult people while carrying a feather duster under one arm. I'd go up to a table with six people and say, "You people look like a million dollars—six zeros!" Pretty good, right? I've got more. I made somebody cry once. I think he had his own stuff going on. Don't go to Jekyll and Hyde after your mother's funeral.

You were also a member of the National Shakespeare Company. That

acting. *This is insane!*

Then you got to *The Daily Show*, where you perfected the Rob Corddry character—"the common Masshole." That was a character, right?

[Laughs] When you first go on *The Daily Show*, at least when I started, there was no such thing as "choose a character." We basically did our Stephen Colbert impersonation until we found our own way. The writers just really enjoyed writing me as this frat-ish boor. And it's something I do well.

So what do you take away from a gig like that?

Well, it was a crash course in modern-day civics, for one. I was never much of a news junkie. I was a responsible citizen in that I would read the newspaper—though it was always from the inside out. I went right to Arts & Entertainment, and sometimes I'd find my way to the front section. But when I was with *The Daily Show*, I was just rabid. I was watching two C-SPANs at a time for a while. But it's hard to live like that—unless you're addicted to it, like Jon Stew-



really dreading the grind, so to speak. Those field pieces are real beasts. Just the travel alone is nearly impossible. You're traveling once or twice a week. But the toll it takes on your soul is hard to make up.

Was there a field piece that broke the camel's back for you?

There was. It was a piece called "Racist Like Me," where I invited people in this age of tolerance to take a look at a group of people no one tolerates—racists—and, in this piece, I was one. They scripted

Photograph by Michael Lavine/Fox

WENT TO COLLEGE AT THE WRONG TIME. TODAY WITHOUT HAVING A THREESOME A WEEK."

a bit where I had to go out in the middle of the street and try to hail a cab dressed in a KKK outfit. I wouldn't do it. I got out there, and right before I put the hood on, I realized that this was just not funny—especially coming from the whitest TV show on the air. From that moment on, it became a lot less fun.

So you're not an asshole.

It's just so easy to play one. It's so easy to play the dumb guy who thinks he's smart.

Your brother Nate was on *The Daily Show* with you for a stretch. That gave you two a chance to play out some sibling rivalry on the air. Who's more talented?

I can decorate a mantel [laughs]. But dare I say, he's my best friend. And maybe I'm biased, but I think he steals every scene he's in on *Studio 60* [on the *Sunset Strip*]. He's the only funny thing on a TV show about a comedy show. I think they will inevitably fix that, but he is consistently hilarious. And good for him.

You have a new baby. How's it going?

Actually, just this morning she was completely inconsolable.

What do you do about that?

I don't know. I just gave her to my wife, because *Penthouse* called. Luckily, I have *Penthouse* calling. If not for that, I have no idea at all.

What does it take to be a man these days?

Um ... oh my God.... I have no idea. I mean, I spent the nineties trying to be a woman. I don't think we have any idea what masculinity is anymore. We look down on guys who are nothing but masculine, and yet I somehow think that these modern-day fathers who turn themselves into mothers are basically bluffing. I think our generation might be better at raising kids, and I hope our kids are going to be way better off than we were, but a lot of us are trying a little bit too hard. But the ultimate answer is: I have no idea what it is to be a man. And I disagree with everything I just said.

At *The Daily Show*, you talked at length about your interest in having a threesome. How's that going?

It's a daily struggle. Come on, my wife was pregnant for nine months—because that's how long it takes, apparently, to build a child. Now we have a five-month-old. It's been over a year, so I've had to kind of put the battle on hold. We're still

breast-feeding, so she's still on a three-hour tether. But soon I'll be able to get her back onto the streets and into the clubs, and I can start asking people, "Hey, do you like my wife's ass?"

I think everybody wants to have a threesome, but not my wife. My best lines for getting her into it are "Come on" or "What's the big deal?" But they're not working. I may never have a threesome. I think I just went to college at the wrong time. Apparently, you can't get out of college today without having a threesome a week.

You've got a lot of films coming up, including Will Ferrell's *Blades of Glory* and *The Ten*, starring Jessica Alba and Amanda Peet. You're like the Jude Law of 2007.


[Laughs] I owe it all to Steve Carell, I think. Before he showed people that the guys on *The Daily Show* were more than bad reporters, people wouldn't cast us. But now there's work for a guy like me. Luckily, I just have tiny parts in these movies, seven or eight of them. Hopefully, people won't be drowning in a sea of Corrdry. Hopefully, I'll just be there all

the time in their peripheral vision. That's all I want in this life: to be somewhere in your periphery. At all times.

They say that comedy comes from pain. What's your pain?

I spent most of the nineties in therapy, usually dealing with girl trouble. But I am relatively unbroken. Luckily, I was not molested as a child. I mean, I'm as insecure as the next guy. I need the applause, and I beg you all to keep giving it to me. But I've had a pretty easy go of it. I've experienced very little death. I've never had surgery. I'm rarely sick. I get along with my family. I have a great wife. I have a healthy child, who, so far, is not autistic. I don't have much to complain about. And I will rub that in your face until the day I die. What I'm really saying is, "Ha-ha, everybody else. I'm happy!"

When you left *The Daily Show* last summer, you went out on a poop joke. How would you like to go out on this interview?

Well, I've been masturbating for the last 45 minutes, and I may as well ejaculate now. 

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ORAL HISTORY



Photographs by (from left) Trevor Graves, courtesy of Burton, Trevor Graves, Jon Foster

Twenty-five years ago, a bunch of **party-athletes** gathered on a mountain in Vermont to compete in the first **National Snowsurfing Championship**. Little did they know it was the start of something huge. Here, snowboarding's founding fathers recall (what they can of) those wild early days. **By John Bolster**

WOOD, WAX & JÄGER

Snaps from back
in the day (from left):
Shaun Palmer flies
the flannel; Terje Haa-
konsen grabs some
huge air, then grabs a
smoke; Vermont native
Jeff Brushie hits the
heights on the halfpipe.





Early Burton rider Dale Rehberg gets backside air.

this event. That's when all the snowboarders came out of the woodwork.

Jake Burton, pioneering rider; founder and owner of Burton Snowboards: At the first Open, the starting gate was an upside-down kitchen table covered with snow, so you had the four legs of the table sticking up out of the snow. You got in there and grabbed the front legs to push off for the start. It was petrifying. I think Doug Bouton was clocked going 63 miles an hour down that hill. And we were wearing basketball shoes. You'd hit the finish line and just drag your body across the snow to brake. It was very challenging.

Bob Klein, 1984 Burton team member; currently represents snowboarders Shaun Palmer and Danny Kass: I went from California to the event in '84 with a friend who was the only other West Coast Burton rider. We flew to New York City and took a bus to Albany, and in the bus



We've come a long way, dude: The boards of yesteryear were way primitive.

In 1982, a renegade crew of skiers, stoners, and would-be surfers staged the first National Snowsurfing Championship at the Suicide Six ski resort in Woodstock, Vermont. The news of this event was relayed to the general public, with a pronounced snicker, by Bryant Gumbel on NBC's *Today* show—the idea being that this was a novelty event that surely wouldn't last. Twenty-five years later, NBC allots a Saturday afternoon for a live telecast of the contest. It's been relocated (to Stratton, Vermont), renamed (the U.S. Open Snowboarding Championships), and evolved into a global event.

The 1982 Nationals ushered in the modern era of boarding as riders from all over the country flocked to the sport, modifying boards and tweaking prototypes every season, if not every month. Together with thousands of early adopters, Dimitrije Milovich (Winterstick Snow-

board Company), Tom Sims (Sims Snowboards), and Jake Burton Carpenter (Burton Snowboards) forged a new, wildly popular sport.

This year's Open—the 25th edition of the event—launches on March 12 and is sponsored by Snickers, Volvo, and Motorola. It constitutes the crown jewel of the Burton Global Open Series, which has a \$700,000 purse. (And to think that Bryant Gumbel has been relegated to the television fringes of HBO.)

We chased down some of modern snowboarding's earliest stars to recount the days when the boards were still wood and the riders were still wild.

* * *

Andy Coghlan, six-time U.S. Open champ: There weren't really any ski areas that were open to snowboarding at that time, so you didn't have any idea how many riders were out there until you got to

station we met two other guys who had snowboard packs. In those days nobody was snowboarding, so anytime you saw a snowboarder you went up and talked to him. So we got to Manchester, Vermont, and Mark Heingartner picked us up. I was starstruck. I had seen his pictures in the brochure; he was a Burton rider. He took us to a hotel and said, "Hey, let me take your boards. We're going to a wax party at Andy Coghlan's house." I couldn't believe he was telling me that, because Andy Coghlan was *the man*. He was *the* big Burton racer.

Coghlan: It was really just to see who could party the most, party the best, and stay on their feet. It really was. I definitely got a reputation for being the guy who could party all night and get up the next day and win the competition. If I had just won the competitions alone, I might not have gotten as big a name as I did. But

Photographs by Trevor Graves, courtesy of Burton. Opposite page: Photograph by Trevor Graves

going out and making as many fans as I possibly could and partying with them all night.... Then all those people would stagger out to the slopes the next day and they'd be cheering for me because we'd had such a good time.

Steve Hayes, Burton team member, '85 to '90; cofounded (with his brother Mike) Hayes Brothers Snowboards: In 1985, the guys from California showed up wearing wet suits [laughs]. We've got downhill-skiing suits—and they show up in one-piece wet suits. We were like, "Hey, maybe those suits are faster than ours." It was all so new. Everybody was checking out everybody else's equipment. You had Tom Sims working hard on his Sims boards, and Jake Burton working hard on his boards.

Shaun Palmer, six-time Winter X Games gold medalist: My first Open was 1986. The Open was always the party contest.

we do it anyway." [Laughs] And then lo and behold ...

Jeff Brushie, early freestyle star; finished third in the '90 U.S. Open halfpipe and second in '92: My first U.S. Open was in 1987. My stepdad drove me down there and we got a hotel room for a couple of nights. I didn't do very well, but it was cool to see what competing was like. Kind of funny, too—I'm 15 years old, my very first competition, and my bib number is a big, bright-red number 69! At the time it was a little embarrassing.

Ross Powers, Olympic gold medalist; two-time U.S. Open champ: The first Open I remember really well was in '88 or '89. I was ten years old. The Open wasn't anywhere near as big as it is now. Back then, you could go up the morning of the event and register. They'd do qualifiers in the morning, and everyone was invited. The finals were in the afternoon, where all

"Hey, the Nationals are coming to Stratton. You guys should compete." So we said, "Yeah, okay, sounds good." We were 13 and 15 at the time, and we finished first and third in the amateur division.

* * *

Manning: The Hayes family has this humongous house right at the base of Stratton Mountain. It has, like, 11 bedrooms. All of us little amateur kids would stay in the downstairs of that house. Then all the pro riders—legendary guys like Terry Kidwell, Craig Kelly, and Shaun Palmer—would congregate there and play video games and hang out, wax their boards. Then on Saturday night, the Hayes boys would always throw this massive party with hundreds of people from the industry, and just rock the house down. It became an integral part of the actual event.

Hayes: That party's been going since the first U.S. Open at Stratton in 1985. It used



The late, great Craig Kelly at the 1990 Open.

"IT WAS REALLY JUST TO SEE WHO COULD PARTY THE MOST, PARTY THE BEST, AND STAY ON THEIR FEET."

Greg Manning, competitor in ten U.S. Opens, from '88 to '97: All these riders would come to the U.S. Open from all over the country and we'd all meet up. It would be one big party, and the competition was just one part of it. The real competition was who could party the hardest, pick up the most chicks, and end up doing well in the event. That's what it was all about.

Hayes: We were doing it because we were into it. We had a passion for snowboarding that was not derived from an idol or a spokesperson or the fact that we thought it was going to be in the Olympics someday. We actually had a joke in the beginning, when we were the only ones riding all the time. We were just little punks and we got sarcastic with it. People would say to us, "Hey, is that fun?" And we'd say, "No. It's not. But my mom thinks it's going to be in the Olympics, so

the pros competed, along with the amateurs who made it. I did all the events when I was ten—the halfpipe, the slalom, and the downhill. My fourth-grade teacher was friends with a couple of the pro riders back then, and she brought the class up to watch me and the pros compete. It was awesome to do an event that big, then be able to watch my favorite riders and all the pros—and to have it all at my home mountain was awesome.

Brushie: I practiced up hard after my first Open, came back the next year, and won the juniors' slalom by, like, eight seconds. That's when I was discovered by my first sponsor. I remember shaking Jake Burton's hand right after I finished the race. He was standing near the finish line, watching. That's when it all began.

Coghlan: The coolest thing about the Open was that it was truly an open event, and it still is. Anybody can sign up and compete against the best snowboarders in the world. I came from a ski-racing background, and I thought it was cool that I could just sign up and there I was facing Jake Burton, Tom Sims, Terry Kidwell—all these legendary riders from all over the country.

Hayes: In '85, my brother and I were riding with Mark Heingartner [Stratton Mountain's—and arguably the world's—first snowboard instructor] and he said,

to be at my parents' house, which was a big ski house right at the base of the mountain. So everyone could walk to it. Well, the party eventually got out of control. We had girls dancing on the pool table and the pool table ended up crashing to the floor. We had several fights involving Mace. We had a deejay. We had the hot tub. We had people falling into the hot tub and breaking the hot tub. So basically, after trashing my house for ten years in a row, we decided that it made sense to either rent another house or host it at the local bar. So now we have a contract with the local bar, the Green Door Pub.

Manning: One night in, like, 1995, there was a party in a condo. It's going nuts and the condo's shaking and Shaun Palmer's wearing a gold suit and he's got his hair dyed green. He's bouncing off the walls. Later, I remember watching him run across the hallway and jump in the air to grab the chandelier. He grabs it and the thing just rips out of the ceiling. Palmer falls all the way down the stairs and when he lands—boom!—both the chandelier and a window by the front door shattered. Palmer just pops up, opens the front door, and runs out. That was Shaun all the way. He could party harder than anyone—and he competed in the contest the next day.

Coghlan: Anytime you had Shaun Palm-

TIMELINE

1929: M. J. "Jack" Burchett fashions a board out of plywood and, using horse reins to steer, slides down a hill in Vermont standing up.

1939: Gunnar E. Burgeson and Harvey W. Burgeson of Chicago and Vern C. Wicklund of Oak Park, Illinois, are granted U.S. patent No. 2181391 for a stand-up plywood "sled."

1963: New Jersey eighth-grader Tom Sims makes a "ski-board" for a class project, gluing carpet to a piece of wood and lining the underside with aluminum.

1965: Sherman Poppen invents the Snurfer (left) as a toy for his daughter Wendy. He sells more than 500,000 in the first year.

1968: The first annual Snurfing Championship is held in Muskegon, Michigan.

1972: Dimitrije Milovich and Wayne Stovekin form Winterstick Snowboards in Utah.

1977: Tom Sims and Chuck Barfoot create the "Flying Yellow Banana," a skateboard deck atop a plastic shell.

1979: Jake Burton wins the Muskegon, Michigan, Snurfing Championship using a board of his own design; it includes the first snowboard bindings.

1979: Twenty-five-year-old Paul Graves of Woodstock, Vermont, rides a snowboard in a commercial for Labatt beer: snowboarding's first TV appearance.

1980: Jake Burton works with Stratton Mountain Manager Paul Johnston to create a certification program that will allow snowboarders on the mountain's ski trails, making it the first resort in the U.S. to permit boarding.

1982: Graves stages the first National Snowsurfing Championship on Vermont's Suicide Six.

1985: *Absolutely Radical*, the first snowboarding magazine, debuts; Vermont's Keith Kimmel shreds California's Tahoe City Pipe on the cover.

1986: Burton creates the soft boot; it quickly becomes the industry standard.

1987: Wrigley's chewing gum features snowboarding in a national TV commercial.

1992: High-flying Terje Haakonsen (left) of Norway establishes himself as a new force, winning the U.S. Open and World Cup halfpipe titles.

1993: Ninety-one percent of U.S. ski areas permit snowboarding.

1997: More than 38,000 people attend the inaugural Winter X Games at Big Bear Lake, California.

1998: "Smoke a fatty for Rebagliate" becomes the rallying cry at the Olympic Games in Nagano, Japan, as Canada's Ross Rebagliate wins the first gold medal for snowboarding. Later, he tests positive for marijuana, but successfully argues that he was a victim of secondhand smoke and retains his medal.

2002: Ross Powers (below) leads a U.S. sweep of the halfpipe at the Salt Lake City Olympics, with Danny Kass and Jarret Thomas taking silver and bronze.

2006: Nineteen-year-old Shaun White explodes onto the national scene by winning the halfpipe at the Olympic Games in Turin. He wins his first U.S. Open halfpipe title at Stratton the following month.
—Raegan Johnson

er in the mix, you definitely had some good times. One time we were cruising back from the bars. I was in one van and Shaun was driving the other van, and we were passing each other on the way up the access road. The last pass Shaun tried got a little slippery and he rolled the van and totaled it. It was the Sims team van. Shaun and Noah Slaznick jumped out of the van. They didn't get hurt at all. They just bolted from the scene.

So we went to the Hayes house and we're all sitting around trying to devise something. What can we say to get out of this? What are we gonna do? Shaun came up with this story that a fox (we'd been drinking at a place called the Red Fox) jumped out in front of him, and he swerved and rolled the van. The cops caught up with him the next day at the halfpipe and pulled him aside. Shaun told them the fox story, and then the cop asked him for his autograph for his son. And that was it.

Palmer: [Laughs] That's close enough.

Hayes: Shaun and Andy Coghlan were in one van, and Scott Palmer [no relation], who was a Stratton Mountain School coach and a competitor at the time, was in the other. They were racing from the bar to my house, up the Stratton Mountain access road. Shaun went to overtake Scott, and Scott clipped the tail of his bumper, which sent him sideways across the road and flipped him down in the ditch. He was fine, and so was Coghlan.

Everyone jumped out and ran to my parents' house and continued to party like nothing had happened. The next day, the cops found the van flipped upside down in the woods. Shaun told them that a dog jumped in front of the van and he swerved to miss it because he loves animals. The cop said, "Was the dog painted red?" They'd noticed the red paint from where the other van clipped him, and they knew he was lying.

Palmer: That's about right. But Noah Slaznick was the guy in my van.

* * *

Powers: There was one group of guys from the snowboard magazines who'd go up to the Open early. They brought two-by-fours and chicken wire and set up their own little cage. They brought 40s up there and they were inside the cage partying, giving riders beer and stuff every time they walked up the pipe. I think they called it "the cage." One guy was wearing a Viking costume. This was when I was younger, before I was old enough to party, but I remember it being a lot crazier and more entertaining back then.

Hayes: Jake Burton beat everybody at keg laps one year. A keg lap is where you pump the keg up to maximum pressure and flip the nozzle wide open and put it in your mouth. You have to go around the keg and count the number of laps you do. He set the record on his knees.



Back in the day: (from left) Andy Coghlan, Jake Burton, Steve Hayes, Mike Hayes, (far right) Mark Heingartner, and (front) Bob Klein pose with the rest of Team Burton in 1985.

"WE USED TO P STUFF—LIKE L YOUR ZIPPER

Burton: [Laughs] I don't know if I set the record. I did my share. But you know, Shaun Palmer was pretty impressive. I think I might've had a hard time surpassing him. But I was right up there. I was definitely on the leaderboard. There was also a Norwegian girl, Ashild Loftus, who was incredible.

Coghlan: I'll never forget Ashild. She is the winningest female in U.S. Open history. Both of us have six titles. Norwegians, they can drink for sure. She definitely mixed it up with a lot of us U.S. guys at the party. But the thing I remember most about her was, she never wore those tight downhill suits. She'd just wear, like, a sweater and regular pants and go out there and whoop all the girls. She was unbeatable for a long stretch there.

Brushie: We used to pull pranks on each other all the time. We were young little punks—that's what you do! Just the normal stuff, like let your balls hang out of the zipper of your pants while you walk into a

Photographs by (left, from top) Trevor Graves, Eric Gallardi/Corbis, (above) courtesy of Burton



Palmer—they were pretty much dominating freestyle riding. But then when I arrived, there were tons of guys I had never heard of who were ripping. It was a lot for me to pick up and learn.

Burton: I'll always remember Terje going huge. Terje brought the whole amplitude thing to the event. There'd been guys who sort of went big, but they always crashed—it was more of a spectacle. When Terje started going huge—and landing stuff—he brought the whole event to a new level. It was a *big* leap forward.

Hayes: With guys like Shaun White and Danny Kass, it's a new era of snowboarding. The sport is extremely difficult, and at the level these guys are at right now, you're risking your life with injuries in any given event.

Burton: When Shaun White first showed up as a nine-year-old, it was sort of like a circus act, watching this little kid come down the pipe. It was so funny, but it was also like, *That's cool, that's entertaining, we'll never see him again.* Then he comes back the next year and he's doing the same thing, and he's a little bit better [laughs]. Then every year he was a little bit better and a little bit better—then it was like, *Holy shit, this kid's incredible!*

Coghlan: Nowadays the athletes definitely take it more seriously. You go to parties and it's the fans partying. The competitors are home tuning their boards and

ULL PRANKS—JUST THE NORMAL ET YOUR BALLS HANG OUT OF AS YOU WALK INTO A RESTAURANT."

restaurant and all your buddies are laughing their asses off outside the window.

* * *

Coghlan: In 1988, when I won my last U.S. Open title, I was on the cover of the *Wall Street Journal*. I can just imagine my friends from the city, sitting on the train in their three-piece suits, reading the *Wall Street Journal* and seeing my name. That was the first Open with the halfpipe, and I really saw a huge change. I saw all kinds of media and all kinds of people just loving it, loving the whole karma of the sport. It exploded that year, if you ask me.


Burton: The Open at Stratton is almost like Augusta or something [laughs]. You take every competition of that stature in any sport, and it's moved. It's so cool when something is at the original spot. I think the riders feel that vibe and know that history, and you can definitely feel it when you're there. It's a heavy tradition in a sport that is pretty void of tradition.

Manning: Jeff Brushie and I were living

and training at Whistler, [British Columbia,] and we got a call from the Burton shop. They said, "We're sending out this Norwegian kid who is just an unbelievable snowboarder. He's only 15 or 16. Will you guys take care of him?" We said sure. Then Terje showed up, and all of a sudden there was this unbelievable standout in the crowd.

Terje Haakonsen, three-time U.S. Open halfpipe champion: My first Open was in 1990. I was 15, but I looked like I was 12, and I traveled alone. It was my first time in the U.S. I had a really hard time at immigration. I almost started crying when they said they wouldn't let me in, but from there on, it was all good. I got picked up in Albany and went straight to Stratton Mountain. I knew English but was not used to the lingo. I didn't really get why everybody asked me "What's up?" all the time. I knew a lot of the American riders from seeing the videos and mags. Guys like Craig Kelly, Jeff Brushie, and Shaun

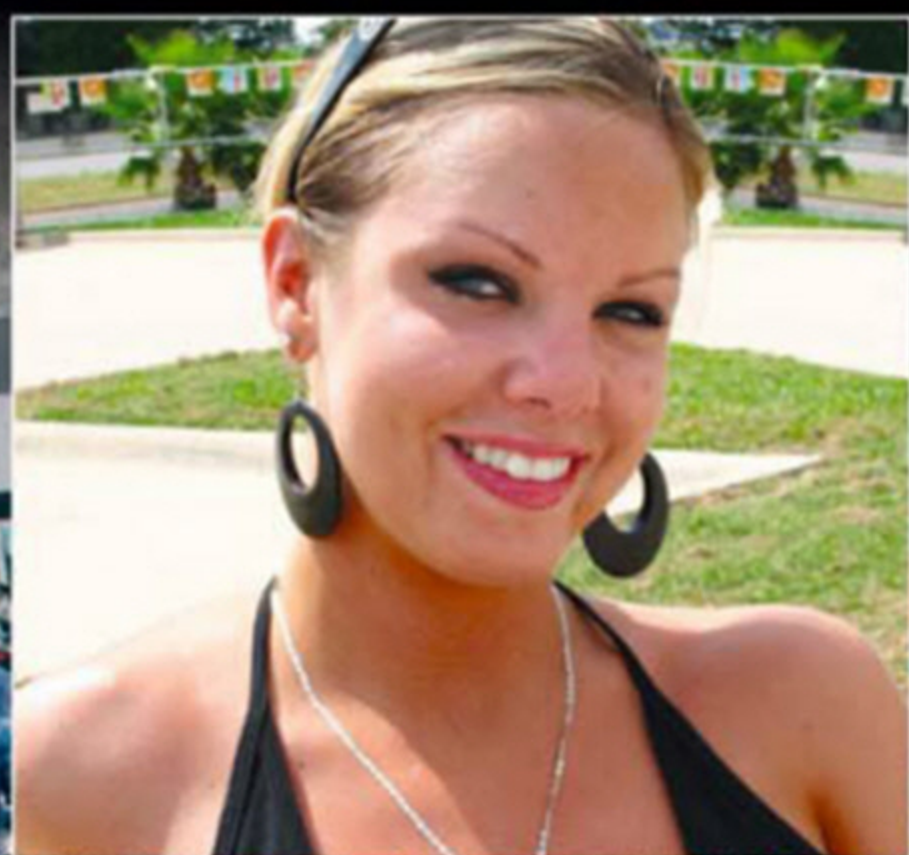
getting a good night's rest. And the Open may not be an event that these guys *must* win—because they're going to 30 to 40 competitions a year—but it does have a special place in their hearts. It's 25 years, you know? It's the event they grew up dreaming about.

The culture, the media, and everyone has kind of grabbed on to snowboarding, so it's not as much of a rebel sport as it was, but the riders are benefiting from the mainstream, and it doesn't matter how mainstream it goes—snowboarding will never really change. The people who do it, we do it because we absolutely love to make turns on the snow on a snowboard. Whether it's in the East in the ice or in the West in deep powder, we just absolutely love to do it. It's still fun to do. That hasn't changed. 

John Bolster is a senior editor at Penthouse. Additional reporting by Dave Hollander and Raegan Johnson

DALLAS

Biker Babe



Blonde bombshell **Jennifer Emerson** (March '06) hosted a charity biker event benefiting the ASPCA at the Penthouse Club, where she judged a bike contest, signed autographs, posed (of course), and played a rousing game of musical chairs with the guests. "It's great to do something for an important cause and get lap dances at the same time," joked the Florida beauty.


NEW YORK CITY


Rock the Float

The Big Apple's infamous Halloween parade got a little less scary when **Krista Ayne** (April '06), **Melissa Jacobs** (October '05), **Heather Vandeven** (January '06), **Shay**

Laren (June '06), and **Jennifer Emerson** shook what their mamas gave them atop the Webster Hall float. "It's wild to be part of this New York tradition," said Heather, showing off her Penthouse Lingerie boy briefs. "I've watched the parade on TV, but now I'm part of the action."

TAMPA



Cowhead Gets a Lap Dance

Atlanta cutie **Michelle Ramos** (September '06) made her radio debut when she visited *The Cowhead Show* on WHPT-FM. Before she left, she insisted on giving Cowhead a lap dance. "I'm a total exhibitionist," Michelle said. "Before I became a Pet, I danced to put myself through school. What can I say? I love attention!"

NEW YORK CITY



Krista Lures Azzure

Urban clothing line Azzure picked our own **Krista Ayne** to model its new denim collection last fall, and the Staten Island beauty couldn't have been more thrilled. "The shoot was so much fun," she said. "The photographs are really edgy, and they're based on the *Sin City* graphic novels." And we just learned the fun will continue. James Ferrell, the marketing director of Azzure, plans to use **Aria Giovanni** (September 2000) in his next campaign.

NEW YORK CITY

Cologne Cuties

When Brut Revolution sponsored the Pet of the Year Playoff party at the Penthouse Executive Club, contenders **Krista Ayne**, **Heather Vandeven**, **Jennifer Emerson**, **Melissa Jacobs** (right), and **Shay Laren** (left) had a blast spraying hard-partying guys with Brut fragrances. "I like my men smelling nice and fresh," Melissa said.



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Gal



The sex life of one of Hollywood's newest pop tarts is steamier than you think. Though she drags her boyfriend along when she's out making the scene, it's her **gal pal** who gets all the action.

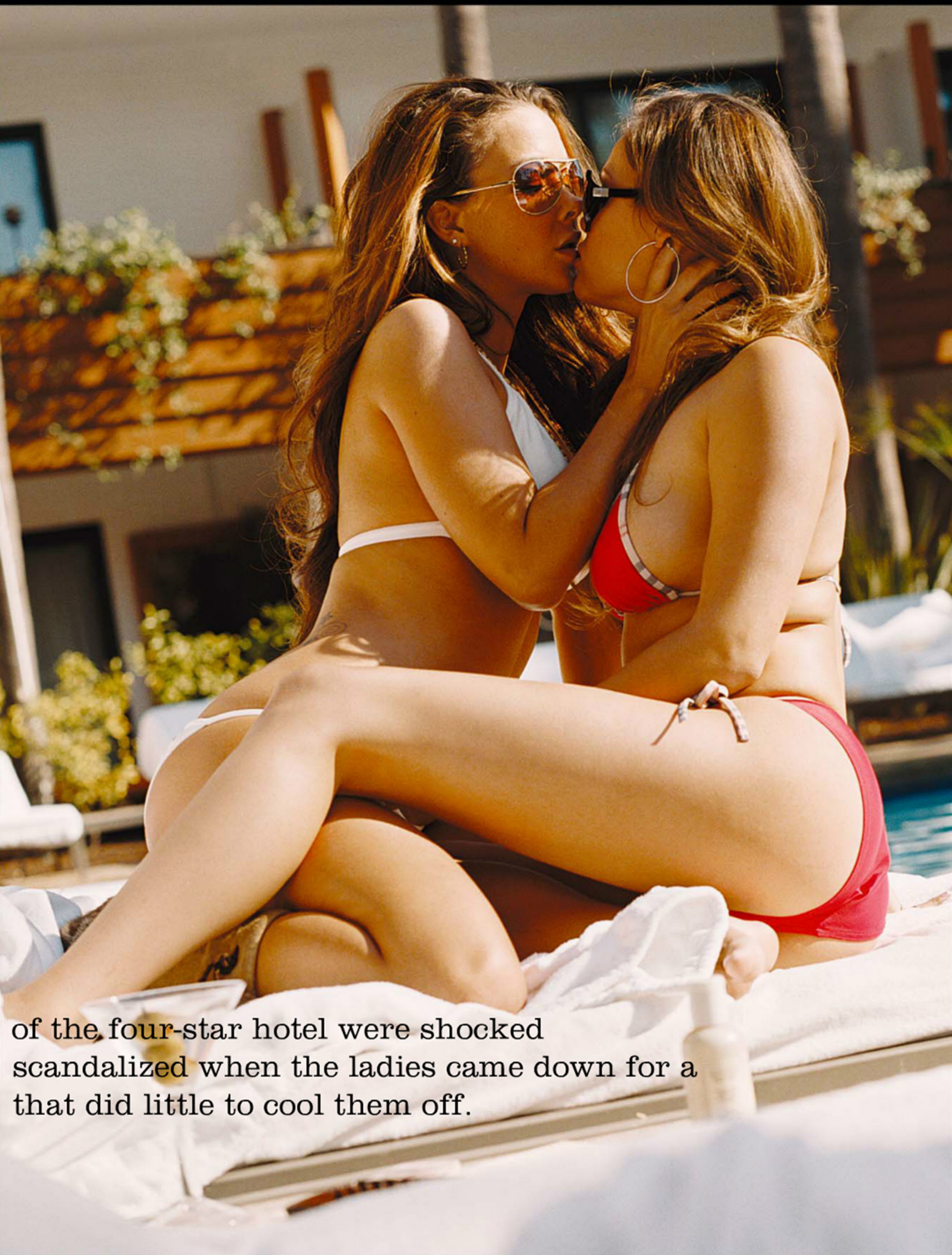
Pal



Photographs by Tom Corbett



The brazen starlets all but took over the outdoor pool. Guests to see them cavorting topless on the balcony, but they were heated poolside love-in. Then they took a not-so-private dip



of the four-star hotel were shocked scandalized when the ladies came down for a that did little to cool them off.



The randy twosome moved on to various Holly paying their way. Even then, the new lovers



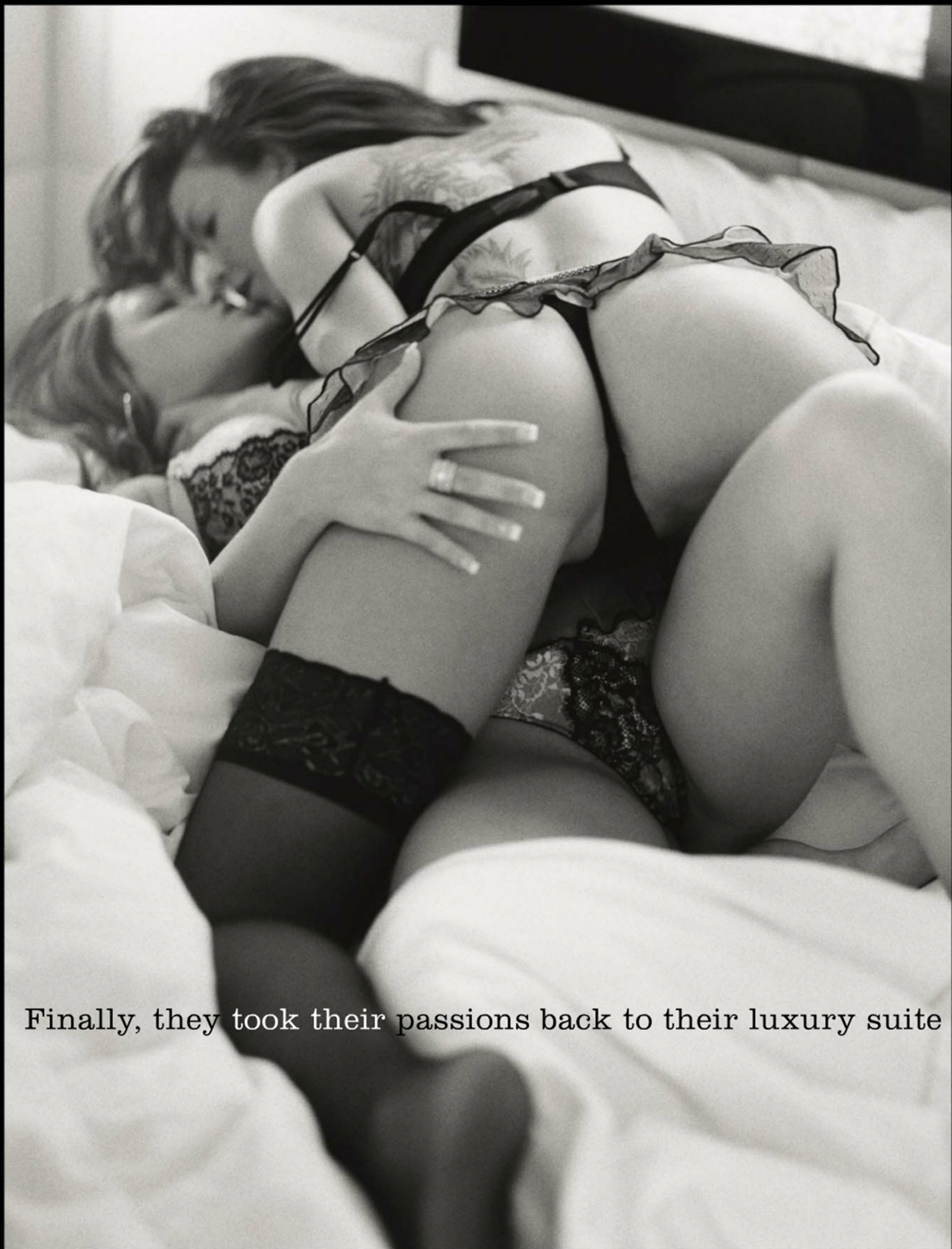
wood hot spots with the oblivious odd man out
found private time in the parking lot ...



... where valets' jaws dropped as they watched the sapphic



duo climb into the car for yet another furtive get-together.



Finally, they took their passions back to their luxury suite



—and their boy toy was nowhere in sight.

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PENTHOUSE PICK

Fuck: A Lesson in Lust
(Wicked Pictures) **1.1.1.1**

We can chalk up another win for director Brad Armstrong with this period piece that follows the evolution of sex through the ages with six intense historical vignettes. But don't let that description throw you—some of the scenes look like an issue of *Heavy Metal* magazine come to life. Take the opener, where Tommy Gunn (in full barbarian gear) nails Lori Lust and Erotica. Likewise, the scene exploring the allure of the goddess Kali (played by exotic beauty Ice La Fox) is a mind-blower. The sight of the six-armed goddess jerking off as many men is wild—and possibly a first. The performances in *Fuck* are as sexy and sophisticated as they are dirty and arousing. The second disc in this two-disc collection offers a slew of special features, including two bonus sex scenes, a behind-the-scenes sex reel, and much more. Highly recommended.

GET IN THE GAME

Game
(Digital Sin) **1.1.1.1**

There's some porn you want to share with your friends, either to turn them on to something great or to facilitate good-natured male bonding. Then there's the stuff that's best enjoyed in the privacy of your own bedroom. This disc falls into the latter category, not because of its arousal factor but because of the concentration it takes to fully absorb the film. *Game* is an extremely hot, highly stylized movie with plenty of beautifully filmed action. Among the stunners is Roxy Jezel in a steamy, athletic scene with Lee Stone; the gorgeous Roxy DeVillie getting it on with Jenner (the new porn guy in town); and cover girl Audrey Hollander being her wonderfully dirty self in a three-way with Alex Sanders and her hubby Otto Bauer—a trio that has done great stuff in the past. This one is what we in the porn-reviewing racket call a "keeper." Just do yourself a favor and navigate using scene selection, so you can avoid the lame-ass narration.



XXX MARKS THE SPOT

Erotica XXX 12
(Digital Sin) **1.1.1.1**

If you think this sounds a little generic, you're wrong. It sounds *very* generic. But the disc more than makes up for it. Petite Lela Star gets a healthy dose of dick from Manuel Ferrara, who's shown time after time that he sure knows how to fuck. Rebecca Linares, a stroke-worthy brunette with a great ass and thin thighs that show off her pussy from behind, has her hands (and other things) full with Lee Stone in a coupling highlighted by his trademark sexual-strongman antics. We particularly liked Sasha Knox's scene, which moves from solo pussy play (with a nice shuddering climax) to a hard, loud fuck. Knox seems to come very easily, and her moans and gasps make a great soundtrack. By the time Mark Ashley sinks it in, she's already come several times and looks like she's ready for several more. What makes *Erotica XXX 12* so much better and hotter than its title suggests is the focus on female orgasms—the harder the ladies tremble, the more turned on the viewer becomes.

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

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An Emcee Prepares: Getting It Up for the AVN Awards

Hosting the AVN Awards is not the parade of bubble baths and blowjobs you might expect. No sir, there's research involved. Comic **Jim Norton** tells us how he prepared to host the 2007 Oscars of porn.



A lot of people might think that cohosting the AVN Awards involves little more than firing out a few obvious, crummy porn jokes and then stepping back and basking in the canned laughter. Not so. It's a gig that can be either great or fucking horrible, depending on how much homework you do. To prepare, I wrote for almost a month and then went out to L.A. and visited three adult-film sets. Basically, I had to watch people fuck and I got to write off the whole trip.

The first set I checked out was very low-budget—the cameraman and lighting guy were the same person. There, we watched as a bald gentleman tried, unsuccessfully, to fuck his barely English-speaking South American girlfriend for about 20 minutes. Off-camera, Mark Stone (a director who was taking me around to different sets) said something that made us start giggling like retards. We were eventually told to wait outside because the actor was “struggling.” That’s what they call it when your cock does a nose-dive—“struggling.” I have had my share of “struggles,” but I’ve never been able to blame it on the cameraman or the idiots laughing at my bedside—I just stink in bed.

Stone was the cameraman on the second set I visited, where there was a very hot D.P. scene taking place. (D.P. is the industry abbreviation for “double penetration.” Now, whenever I read a baseball box score and see “double play” abbreviated as D.P., I chuckle good-naturedly—then jerk off on the first person I see.) The scene featured a very hot, very skinny girl getting double-stuffed by two telephone poles. The guys were amazing to me because

Let’s go, let’s go, *keep up the energy!*” I have no idea how their dicks stayed hard with all the distractions. If I’m fucking and the phone rings, I’m limp for the next half hour.

On the final set, I watched Jenna Jameson and Krystal Steal go down on each other. It was so hot that at one point I literally grabbed my cock through my jeans and whimpered. This was a high-budget shoot, with catering and a makeup room and all the other shit you see on mainstream

I was glad I embarked on this fact-finding mission, because it let the audience know that I had researched their world—not just grabbed two DVDs off a shelf and written a few cookie-cutter jokes. One of the biggest laughs I got came when I was talking about my unsightly man-tits and said, “If I had blond hair and a Brazilian accent, I’d be a Joey Silvera contract girl.”

If you don’t get the reference, stop being such a Goody Two-shoes and hop on

“I have no idea **how their dicks** stayed hard with all **the distractions**. If I’m fucking and the phone rings, **I’m limp** for half an hour.”

their dicks *had* to be rubbing together in there somewhere, but that didn’t faze these pros in the least.

And not only were they contorted every which way, with nothing separating their hogs except a layer of chafed skin, but the director was barking out directions and orders with all the sexiness of Hitler’s bunker speeches. Now I know why they put cheesy music soundtracks on pornos: It’s so you can’t hear the director shouting, “Come on, guys! Two more minutes!

film sets. But then something happened that I bet never occurred on the set of *The Constant Gardener*: A cameraman farted. Just let one rip. It was putrid and everyone laughed and held their noses—except for this one couple going at it next to Jenna and Krystal. They just kept fucking! Postal employees can cram that “snow and sleet and rain” nonsense up their asses: Fuck through a room-clearing shepherd’s pie gasser and then come talk to me.

the tranny bandwagon with the rest of us. **OT**

NORTON FILE

Before hosting the 24th annual AVN Awards in Las Vegas, Jim Norton scored some face time as Rich, the sleazy dealer, on the short-lived HBO sitcom *Lucky Louie*. He can be heard cracking wise every morning on XM Satellite Radio’s *The Opie & Anthony Show*.

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

CAPED CRUSADER

I've been cutting hair at home for more than ten years. It helps that my husband and I have a great relationship, because he and I enjoy our open discussions. During one of our recent talks, he told me he still gets aroused when I cut his hair. It made me wonder about my other male customers.

One guy, Theo, immediately came to mind. He loves to flirt with me. I've been cutting his hair for more than five years. I still remember the day we met and how cute I thought he was. Theo schedules his appointments during his lunch hour, so he's typically dressed in khakis and a sport shirt. While I cut his hair, our conversation always turns to sex. I began to wonder if he was getting hard under the cape. I even imagined he might be touching himself a little as I cut his hair.

Once I finished, I'd remove the cape. He'd always stand up, turn

Theo in the mirror and it was obvious he was rubbing himself under the cape. I gave my husband a play-by-play, and he said, "Maybe you should offer him a hand."

At first I resisted, but then I wanted to know how far things would go. My husband asked me not to hang up because he wanted to listen. So I placed the phone on the counter and quietly moved back toward Theo. I was standing next to him before he realized he'd been caught red-handed.

"What are you doing?" I asked. Theo was speechless. "Are you being a bad boy?"

With that, I removed the cape. He didn't dare move. I don't think he was even breathing. His shorts were pulled down, and his cock stood erect above the waistband. I took hold of his thick shaft and picked up where he'd left off, moving my hand up and down while staring into his gorgeous brown eyes. I felt his hand move up the inside of my thigh, under my skirt, and right into my wet panties. Then Theo

"When I saw myself in the mirror, my **nipples** were as hard as **diamonds**. Theo couldn't take **his eyes off them**."

away from me to check himself out in the mirror, pay me, and leave. Now I was curious if he was turning away to hide his arousal. The next time he came in, I checked out his reflection in the mirror when he stood up. Sure enough, there was a bulge in his pants. I don't know how long I'd been staring, but when I looked up, he was staring right at me—and smiling. I was speechless as he reached into his pocket for his money.

That night I told my husband what happened. He laughed and said, "I told you so."

I couldn't stop thinking about Theo. Two weeks later, when he arrived for his next cut, he wore shorts and a T-shirt. He noticed my look of surprise and said he'd decided to take the day off at the last minute, but he didn't want to miss our appointment.


We talked and flirted while I took my time with his shampoo, making sure my breasts were right in front of his face. When I saw myself in the mirror, I noticed my nipples were as hard as diamonds. Theo couldn't take his eyes off them. I tried to see if he was as turned on as I was, but the phone rang. I excused myself and stepped around the corner to answer. It was my husband, calling to find out if anything was going on. As we talked, I watched

slid a finger into my moist mound. When his thumb brushed my clit, I felt a sudden heat wave take over my body. Within seconds, my skirt and panties were on the floor and he was tugging at my top.

The next thing I knew, he had me undressed with my back pressed against the cool mirrors.

I lifted his shirt off as he pulled his shorts down. I've always been a sucker for a muscular chest, and Theo did not disappoint. I never realized what a hot body he'd been hiding under those oxford shirts and drab slacks. His left hand cupped my left breast, and his right hand worked my pussy.

His kisses were soft, and his tongue tasted sweet. He moved on to my neck and worked his way down to my breasts. I was going crazy with desire! I fell to my knees and took the head of his cock in my mouth. I licked up and down his shaft and fondled his balls. I was working my lips all over his cock. It wouldn't be long before he shot his load. I licked and sucked, devouring as much of that stiff rod as possible. Then, feeling bold, I wet my pinky finger and slipped it into his asshole. That surprised him and sent him over the edge. He came—and kept coming. I enjoyed milking every bit of cream from his cock.



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Then he pushed me down onto the chair and dove into my bush. He was a master with his tongue, managing to hit every spot that needed attention, but I needed more.

So I stood and led Theo to the sofa. I love a semi-hard rod, and I manipulated it as much as I could into my waiting hole. He held my breasts, and I rode that cock until it was rock hard again. He worked his hands back and forth between my ass and tits. He

home to hear more about it!"—S.L., *New Jersey*

CHEAT OR TREAT

I had several classes with this really cute sorority girl named Stephanie. She had long dark hair, hazel eyes, and pouty lips. We started out as study partners and good friends. Then we began dating. She was fairly reserved, but after two months, we were finally having sex.

“He worked his hands **back and forth** between my **ass and tits**. He was trying to **kiss me**, but I was too far gone for that.”

was trying to kiss me, but I was too far gone for that. He sucked on my nipples, pushing me over the edge. I quickened the pace and screamed out my release. Meanwhile, I felt his cock tense up and the familiar sensation of hot jizz shooting inside me.

I collapsed on his lap, waiting to catch my breath. Remembering my husband, I jumped up and ran to the phone. “Are you still there?” I asked.

He was. “Sounds like you gave him more than a hand,” he said. He sounded amused, but I wasn’t sure.

“Are you upset?” I asked.

“Are you kidding? Once I get this load cleaned off my desk, I’m coming

Her friend Robin moved up from Florida, and they got a place together. Robin was totally wild. Stephanie and I would often return to the apartment to find Robin fucking the hell out of some guy in her bedroom with the door wide open. And she loved to walk around the place naked. Robin’s uninhibited style began to rub off on Stephanie, but I wouldn’t find out just how much until later.

One Friday evening, Robin invited us to a private erotic-art exhibit and party. Robin had arranged for one of her boyfriends to pick her up. She let Stephanie know that she probably wouldn’t be back until Sunday.

The party was held in a large warehouse that had several smaller rooms off to the side, where most of the art was. There was one guy there who I knew. His name was Jonathan. He had gone to college in Europe and was a real player. His accent probably helped. He spotted me and came over to talk. He sat across from us, and I could tell that Stephanie was flirting with him. Every now and then, he’d say something to her in French and she’d laugh and smile back at him. She was fluent in French, and I couldn’t speak a word of it.

Stephanie’s feet were up on the coffee table and her legs were spread open. She was looking at him suggestively and licking her lips every few seconds. I told her I thought we should get going and she agreed, saying she had a headache and wanted to go home to rest.

We were nearly out the door when she turned around and whispered something in Jonathan’s ear. When we got back to her place, she suggested I come back in the afternoon—late in the afternoon. I knew something was up, but I kissed her goodnight and told her to call me later.

I drove off, but the more I thought about it, the more suspicious I became. I headed back to her place and parked across the street. Ten minutes later, Jonathan drove up and knocked on her door. Stephanie let



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him in. I waited five minutes, then went around back. Her bedroom window was open and the blinds were slanted, but not fully closed. I looked in. Stephanie and Jonathan were sitting on the edge of her bed, kissing like mad.

I was about to go to the front door and start pounding on it when I realized my erection was about to burst through my pants. I continued to watch. By then, Jonathan was fondling her breasts. His hand slid up her leg to her crotch. I heard her moan. He pulled off her panties and tossed them on the floor. He started to finger her.

Though I was hurt, I thought my dick was going to explode in my pants. Stephanie untied her dress and let it fall off. She dropped to her knees, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his cock. Her face lit up when she saw how big it was.

"Oh yeah, baby. This is going to be fun," she smiled. She pulled down his pants and boxer shorts. Then she started to lap at his huge erection. She

slid her tongue up one side and down the other.

After a few minutes, she climbed up on the bed and spread her legs wide. He buried his face in her cunt and really did a number on her. Minutes later, Stephanie screamed, "Enough! Now fuck me!" He grabbed her legs and hooked them over his shoulders, driving his cock deep inside her.

After a few hard thrusts, she got on top. She turned around, pushed him back on the bed, centered her pussy over his massive cock, and took him in. Each time she rose up, she left his cock all shiny and wet.

She leaned forward to kiss his neck. "I want your ass," he demanded. He lifted her up and lowered her back down. But this time she took his cock, still slick with her pussy juice, into her waiting asshole. I didn't even know she could—or would—do that. She screamed with pleasure as he fucked her ass. It was an incredible sight.

By the time they'd finished, they were both covered in sweat and come

and seemed near exhaustion, but Stephanie wasn't done. She asked Jonathan when he'd be ready to go again. He looked down and said he really had to get home to his girlfriend. She looked disappointed.

Five minutes after Jonathan left, I knocked on the front door. She seemed shocked to see me. I said the outfit she'd worn to the party made me so horny I couldn't sleep, so I had to come back. She liked hearing that and pinned me to the door, kissing me deep. Her tongue was wild, and she smelled of sweat and sex. It was intoxicating. She felt my crotch and found me ready for action.

"You're *really* horny," she said. She'd found the wet spot of pre-come that stained my pants and dropped to her knees to lick it. She wanted to fuck in the living room, but I took her hand and led her to her bedroom. I looked at the noticeable wet spot on her bed.

"You've already been fucking, haven't you?" I asked accusingly. I dared her to deny it. She didn't even try. Then I told her that I knew she'd just fucked Jonathan. She looked upset. She quizzed me about how I knew, and I told her I saw everything.

Stephanie took another look at my raging hard-on and said I must have enjoyed watching her, since I was so aroused. Then she sat at the head of the bed with her legs spread wide and told me I had to eat her out before I could fuck her.

I started licking her and had her writhing and moaning in no time. I

"I could tell that Stephanie was **flirting** with Jonathan.... She was looking at him suggestively and **licking her lips**."



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knew that she had had enough when she pushed my head away and rolled onto her side, saying, "Oh, shit!" over and over again.

I crawled up on the bed and slid my cock into her. I pulled her legs up over my shoulders just like Jonathan had done and felt my cock go in even deeper. It was fantastic. Then we rolled over, and she got on top and rode me wildly. She bent forward and we kissed while she ground her hips against mine.

Finally I exploded. Never before had I felt such a tremendous release. My come—and probably some of Jonathan's—ran out of her pussy. She collapsed on top of me and said, "How long before you can get it up again?"

I said, "Give me 15 minutes." And we went at it again. We didn't break up—not for another nine months anyway. Things were too wild and kinky, and it all started with that night.—*D.I., New York*

PARTY OF THREE

My wife Megan and I have had several conversations about threesomes. She's told me some of her friends have bragged about handling two men at once, and she often wondered how she would fare in that position. I've always responded the same way, letting Megan know I would be interested

if the situation was right.

We talked about how to go forward and decided to look for a partner in a public, social setting. We thought of a few bars we both liked. After selecting one with a nearby motel, I went in first and sat down at a table.

A little later, Megan came in. She went to the middle of the bar, where a lone man sat, sipping a drink. She sat on a bar stool next to him. After ordering a drink, she introduced herself. When the man asked her why she was alone, she told him she was looking for a companion—one to join her and her husband.

The stranger looked Megan up and down, then asked where her husband was. She nodded in my direction. He glanced at me and looked her over again. Slowly, he followed her over to meet me. Megan said the man's name was Chris. Chris asked if we were in the habit of picking up strange guys. I told him this was our first venture and we were both pretty excited about it. Chris admitted he'd never done anything like this before, but he was really up for it. I told Chris we'd already booked a room at a motel several blocks away and that he should follow us in his car. He was still looking at Megan when he nodded.

Once we were all in the room, Chris became nervous. Megan set about

putting him at ease by reminding him that we were all in uncharted territory. Then she went right up to him and began kissing him, gently at first. She guided him onto the bed and intensified her kisses. With their lips still pressed together, they began pulling off each other's clothes. Chris was more at ease now and quite eager to explore Megan's body, and she was just as eager to check his out.

I stopped watching just long enough to undress. The next time I looked up, Chris was already pumping away at Megan's sweet pussy. I moved closer to the bed and sat on the edge. This was a first-time experience for me—watching another man fuck my wife, and seeing the action up close, was fascinating and erotic.

Chris was really drilling her, and I knew they weren't going to last much longer. Megan's face was turning red, and they were both breathing like freight trains at full steam. Then Chris

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"Chris was more at ease now and quite eager to **explore Megan's body**, and she was just as **eager** to check his out."

moaned that he was going to come. He struggled to pull free, but Megan held on as if her life depended on it. She wanted to feel Chris's hot load inside her. He gave one final thrust, and that must have been what did it for Megan. I'd never heard her scream so loudly. Watching them straining against each other only turned me on more. I couldn't wait for my turn.

When Chris rolled off, I plunged right in. It didn't take long to drive her back up to that peak. Within minutes I felt her pussy muscles contract around me, and I exploded into her wonderful, hot snatch.

After a short break, it was Megan who got things going again. There was no doubt that she was the one calling the shots. She positioned Chris and me on the bed so she could stroke and suck our cocks hard again. And ... when she had us the way she wanted us, she turned over onto her knees and told me to fuck her from behind—her favorite position. Then she grabbed Chris's cock and steered it toward her mouth.

I was pounding Megan from behind while she deep-throated Chris. It was incredible, watching her give head to another man. I wanted to last longer, but that was impossible. I came in no time, filling her pussy with another load of come.

She was still working her oral magic on Chris. Knowing she hadn't come yet, I grabbed her ass cheeks and furiously tongued her pussy. Her clit was swollen and ripe for licking. As soon as my tongue reached her love button, she began to moan and shake uncontrollably. Whatever I did to her had an immediate effect on Chris, who began pumping his load down Megan's throat. It was an incredible sight.

We slept for a couple of hours. Then Chris got dressed, thanked us for a great time, and gave us his phone number before leaving. Megan and I talked about everything and agreed that we'd both enjoyed the experience. But now she wants our next threesome to include a woman. I suppose I can swing with that.—H.W., Idaho

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Debbie Harry

Puberty kicked in for good one night in 1977 when I watched Debbie Harry and Blondie on a TV show called *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert*. After seeing the white-hot hair, the alabaster skin, and those lips, I went out the very next day and spent \$4.98 on the band's debut album, whose back cover stayed tacked to my bathroom wall for years. She may have been what the papers called a "punk," but her voice owed more to the Shangri-Las than the Stooges. And when

she sang—about love lost, love found, and giant ants from space—her soft Jersey twang betrayed a youth full of late Lower East Side nights, doing things she knew she shouldn't be doing but had to do anyway.

Debbie inspired more than the lust of a generation of eternally grateful teenage boys. She set the stage (literally and figuratively) for Cyndi Lauper, Belinda Carlisle, Madonna, and countless other rock chicks who broke countless other

hearts. Debbie taught all of America a thing or two about sex and attitude and fashion—she was hawking designer jeans while Gwen Stefani was still in training bras. Since that first album, Debbie Harry has graduated from punk pinup to new-wave glamour girl, and became America's first chart-topping rapper along the way. Thirty years down the line, she's still the definition of rock 'n' roll sex appeal. And there's a lesson in that for all of us. **O+**